

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1439.—January 6, 1872.

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## TIME.

TIME speeds away — away — away;  
 Another hour — another day —  
 Another month — another year —  
 Drop from us like the leaflets sear;  
 Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,—  
 The rose-bloom from the cheeks departs,  
 The tresses from the temples fall,  
 The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away — away — away;  
 Like torrent in a stormy day.  
 He undermine the stately tower,—  
 Uproots the tree and snaps the flower,  
 And sweeps from our distracted breast  
 The friends that loved, the friends that blest,  
 And leaves us weeping on the shore  
 To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away — away — away;  
 No eagle through the skies of day,  
 No wind along the shore can flee  
 So swiftly or so smooth as he.  
 Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,  
 He bears us on from youth to age,—  
 Then plunges in the fearful sea  
 Of fathomless Eternity!

## SORROW.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,  
 And merry speech and careless laughter died;  
 She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,  
 And would not be denied.

I saw the West-wind loose his cloudlets white,  
 In flocks, careering through the April sky;  
 I could not sing, though joy was at its height,  
 For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,—  
 A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.  
 She broke my quiet dream,— I heard her say,  
 “Behold your prison-bars!”

“Earth’s gladness shall not satisfy your soul,  
 This beauty of the world in which you live;  
 The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,  
 That I alone can give.”

I heard, and shrunk away from her afraid;  
 But still she held me, and would still abide.  
 Youth’s bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,  
 With slowly ebbing tide.

“Look thou beyond the evening sky,” she said,  
 “Beyond the changing splendours of the day.  
 Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,  
 Accept, and bid me stay!”

I turned and clasped her close, with sudden strength,

And slowly, sweetly, I became aware  
 Within my arms God’s angel stood, at length,  
 White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,  
 Beyond the changing splendours of the day,  
 Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,  
 More beautiful, than they.  
 Dublin University Magazine.

## THALASSA.

I LOOK across the land and sea,  
 I gaze into the quiet west,  
 I hear the waves’ low lullaby,  
 And yet my heart is not at rest.

The heron wings his stately way  
 In silence to his reedy nest,  
 The white mists steal upon the day,  
 And yet my soul is all unrest.

The even bells break from the coast,  
 Like sudden songs of angels blest,  
 That love at lingering hours the most  
 To bring the hearts of mortals rest.

“Weep not,” they say, “the plaint of love  
 Is but a holy loss confess’d;  
 Sweet eyes look ever from above.  
 Be still, sad heart, and sink to rest!”  
 Once a Week.

## THE POET.

“SWEET” did you say that my verse was?  
 O could I but bring to your ear  
 The soundless songs that entrance me,  
 Which only my soul can hear,—

Songs learned when my soul was beginning,  
 Before it was fettered in me,  
 And could hear the universe singing  
 Its endless symphony.

I hear those harmonies ever,  
 And whenever I strive to sing,  
 My soul is sad with the failure  
 To make my melodies ring

As they rang when it bathed in the brightness  
 That streamed on it from the Throne,  
 Where thought of itself is music,  
 And effort and fruit are one.

Spectator.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EVERYBODY has this last autumn been either seeing the Ammergau Passion Play or hearing about it; and to find any one who has seen it and not been deeply interested and moved by it, is very rare. The peasants of the neighbouring country, the great and fashionable world, the ordinary tourist, were all at Ammergau, and were all delighted; but what is said to have been especially remarkable was the affluence there of ministers of religion of all kinds. That Catholic peasants, whose religion has accustomed them to show and spectacle, should be attracted by an admirable scenic representation of the great moments in the history of their religion, was natural; that tourists and the fashionable world should be attracted by what was once the fashion and a new sensation of a powerful sort, was natural; that many of the ecclesiastics there present should be attracted there, was natural too. Roman Catholic priests mustered strong, of course. The Protestantism of a great number of the Anglican clergy is supposed to be but languid, and Anglican ministers at Ammergau were sympathizers to be expected. But Protestant ministers of the most unimpeachable sort, Protestant Dissenting ministers, were there, too, and showing favour and sympathy; and this, to any one who remembers the almost universal feeling of Protestant Dissenters in this country, not many years ago, towards Rome and her religion,—the sheer abhorrence of Papists and all their practices,—could not but be striking. It agrees with what is seen also in literature, in the writings of Dissenters of the younger and more progressive sort, who show a disposition for regarding the Church of Rome historically rather than polemically, a wish to do justice to the undoubted grandeur of certain institutions and men produced by that Church, quite novel, and quite alien to the simple belief of earlier times, that between Protestants and Rome there was a measureless gulph fixed. Something of this may no doubt, be due to that keen eye for Non-conformist business in which our great

bodies of Protestant Dissenters, to do them justice, are never wanting; to a perception that the case against the Church of England may be yet further improved by contrasting her with the genuine article in her own ecclesiastical line, by pointing out that she is neither one thing nor the other to much purpose, by dilating on the magnitude, reach, and impressiveness, on the great place in history, of her rival, as compared with anything she can herself pretend to. Something of this there is, no doubt, in some of the modern Protestant sympathy for things Catholic; but in general that sympathy springs, in Churchmen and Dissenters alike, from another and a better cause,—from the spread of larger conceptions of religion, of man, and of history, than were current formerly. We have seen lately in the newspapers, that a clergyman, who in a popular lecture gave an account of the Passion Play at Ammergau, and enlarged on its impressiveness, was admonished by certain remonstrants, who told him it was his business, instead of occupying himself with these sensuous shows, to learn to walk by faith, not by sight, and to teach his fellow-men to do the same. But this severity seems to have excited wonder rather than praise; so far had those wider notions about religion and about the range of our interest in religion, of which I have just spoken, conducted us. To this interest I propose to appeal in what I am going to relate. For the Passion Play at Ammergau, with its immense audiences, the seriousness of its actors, the passionate emotion of its spectators, brought to my mind something of which I had read an account lately; something produced, not in Bavaria nor in Christendom at all, but far away in that wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe may justly give itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else. This product of the remote East I wish to exhibit while the remembrance of what has been at Ammergau is still fresh; and we will see whether that bringing together of strangers and enemies who once seemed to be as far as the poles asunder, which Ammergau in such a re-

markable way effected, does not hold good and find a parallel even in Persia.

Count Gobineau, formerly Minister of France at Teheran and at Athens, published, a few years ago, an interesting book on the present state of religion and philosophy in Central Asia. He is favourably known also by his studies in ethnology. His accomplishments and intelligence deserve all respect, and in his book on religion and philosophy in Central Asia he has the great advantage of writing about things which he has followed with his own observation and inquiry in the countries where they happened. The chief purpose of his book is to give a history of the career of Mirza Ali Mahommed, a Persian religious reformer, the original *Bâb*, and the founder of *Bâbism*, of which most people in England have at least heard the name. *Bâb* means *gate*, the door or gate of life; and in the ferment which now works in the Mahometan East, Mirza Ali Mahommed,—who seems to have been made acquainted by Protestant missionaries with our Scriptures and by the Jews of Shiraz with Jewish traditions, to have studied, besides, the religion of the Ghebers, the old national religion of Persia, and to have made a sort of amalgam of the whole with Mahometanism,—presented himself, about five-and-twenty years ago, as *the door*, the gate of life; found disciples, sent forth writings, and finally became the cause of disturbances which led to his being executed, on the 19th of July, 1849, in the citadel of Tabriz. The *Bâb* and his doctrines are a theme on which much might be said; but I pass them by, except for one incident in the *Bâb's* life, which I will notice. Like all religious Mahometans, he made the pilgrimage to Mecca; and his meditations at that centre of his religion first suggested his mission to him. But soon after his return to Bagdad he made another pilgrimage; and it was in this pilgrimage that his mission became clear to him, and that his life was fixed. "He desired"—I will give an abridgment of Count Gobineau's own words—"to complete his impressions by going to Kufa, that he might visit the ruined mosque where Ali was assassinated, and where the place of his murder is still

shown. He passed several days there in meditation. The place appears to have made a great impression on him; he was entering a course which might and must lead to some such catastrophe as had happened on the very spot where he stood, and where his mind's eye showed him the Imam Ali lying at his feet, with his body pierced and bleeding. His followers say that he then passed through a sort of moral agony which put an end to all hesitation of the natural man within him. It is certain that when he arrived at Shiraz, on his return, he was a changed man. No doubts troubled him any more: he was penetrated and persuaded; his part was taken."

This Ali also, at whose tomb the *Bâb* went through the spiritual crisis here recorded, is a familiar name to most of us. In general our knowledge of the East goes but a very little way; yet almost every one has at least heard the name of Ali, the Lion of God, Mahomet's young cousin, and the first who, after his wife, believed in him, and who was declared by Mahomet in his gratitude his brother, delegate, and vicar. Ali was one of Mahomet's best and most successful captains; he married Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet; his sons, Hassan and Hussein, were, as children, favourites with Mahomet, who had no son of his own to succeed him, and was expected to name Ali as his successor. He named no successor. At his death Ali was passed over, and the first caliph, or *vicar* and *lieutenant* of Mahomet in the government of the state, was Abu-Bekr; only the spiritual inheritance of Mahomet, the dignity of Imam, or *Primate*, devolved by right on Ali and his children. Ali, lion of God as in war he was, held aloof from politics and political intrigue, loved retirement and prayer, was the most pious and disinterested of men. At Abu-Bekr's death he was again passed over in favour of Omar. Omar was succeeded by Othman, and still Ali remained tranquil. Othman was assassinated, and then Ali chiefly to prevent disturbance and bloodshed, accepted the caliphate. Meanwhile the Mahometan armies had conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt; the Governor of Syria, Moawiyah, an able and ambitious



man, set himself up as caliph, his title was recognized by Amrou, the Governor of Egypt, and a bloody and indecisive battle was fought in Mesopotamia between Ali's army and Moawiyah's. Gibbon shall tell the rest:—"In the temple of Mecca three Charegites or enthusiasts discoursed of the disorders of the church and state; they soon agreed that the deaths of Ali, of Moawiyah, and of his friend Amrou, the Viceroy of Egypt, would restore the peace and unity of religion. Each of the assassins chose his victim, poisoned his dagger, devoted his life, and secretly repaired to the scene of action. Their resolution was equally desperate; but the first mistook the person of Amrou, and stabbed the deputy who occupied his seat; the prince of Damascus was dangerously hurt by the second; Ali, the lawful caliph, in the mosque of Kufa, received a mortal wound from the hand of the third."

The events through which we have thus rapidly run ought to be kept in mind, for they are the elements of Mahometan history: any right understanding of the state of the Mahometan world is impossible without them. For that world is divided into the two great sects of Shiahs and Sunis; the Shiahs are those who reject the first three caliphs as usurpers, and begin with Ali as the first lawful successor of Mahomet; the Sunis recognize Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman, as well as Ali, and regard the Shiahs as impious heretics. The Persians are Shiahs, and the Arabs and Turks are Sunis. Hussein, one of Ali's two sons, married a Persian princess, the daughter of Yezdejerd the last of the Sassanian kings, the king whom the Mahometan conquest of Persia expelled; and Persia, through this marriage, became specially connected with the house of Ali. "In the fourth age of the Hegira," says Gibbon, "a tomb, a temple, a city, arose near the ruins of Kufa. Many thousands of the Shiahs repose in holy ground at the feet of the vicar of God; and the desert is vivified by the numerous and annual visits of the Persians, who esteem their devotion not less meritorious than the pilgrimage of Mecca."

But, to comprehend what I am going to relate from Count Gobineau, we must push

our researches into Mahometan history a little further than the assassination of Ali. Moawiyah died in the year 680 of our era, nearly fifty years after the death of Mahomet. His son Yezid succeeded him on the throne of the caliphs at Damascus. During the reign of Moawiyah Ali's two sons, the Imams Hassan and Hussein, lived with their families in religious retirement at Medina, where their grandfather Mahomet was buried. In them the character of abstinence and renouncement, which we have noticed in Ali himself, was marked yet more strongly; but, when Moawiyah died, the people of Kufa, the city on the lower Euphrates where Ali had been assassinated, sent offers to make Hussein caliph if he would come among them, and to support him against the Syrian troops of Yezid. Hussein seems to have thought himself bound to accept the proposal. He left Medina, and, with his family and relations, to the number of about eighty persons, set out on his way to Kufa. Then ensued the tragedy so familiar to every Mahometan, and to us so little known, the tragedy of Kerbela. "O death," cries the bandit-minstrel of Persia, Kurroglou, in his last song before his execution, "O death, whom didst thou spare? Were even Hassan and Hussein, those footstools of the throne of God on the seventh heaven, spared by thee? *No! thou madest them martyrs at Kerbela.*"

We cannot do better than again have recourse to Gibbon's history for an account of this famous tragedy. "Hussein traversed the desert of Arabia with a timorous retinue of women and children; but, as he approached the confines of Irak, he was alarmed by the solitary or hostile face of the country, and suspected either the defection or the ruin of his party. His fears were just; Obeidallah, the governor of Kufa, had extinguished the first sparks of an insurrection; and Hussein, in the plain of Kerbela, was encompassed by a body of 5,000 horse, who intercepted his communication with the city and the river. In a conference with the chief of the enemy he proposed the option of three conditions—that he should be allowed to return to Medina, or be stationed in a frontier garrison against the Turks, or safely con-

ducted to the presence of Yezid. But the commands of the caliph or his lieutenant were stern and absolute, and Hussein was informed that he must either submit as a captive and a criminal to the Commander of the Faithful, or expect the consequences of his rebellion. 'Do you think,' replied he, 'to terrify me with death?' And during the short respite of a night he prepared, with calm and solemn resignation, to encounter his fate. He checked the lamentations of his sister Fatima, who deplored the impending ruin of his house. 'Our trust,' said Hussein, 'is in God alone. All things, both in heaven and earth, must perish and return to their Creator. My brother, my father, my mother, were better than I, and every Mussulman has an example in the Prophet.' He pressed his friends to consult their safety by a timely flight; they unanimously refused to desert or survive their beloved master, and their courage was fortified by a fervent prayer and the assurance of paradise. On the morning of the fatal day he mounted on horseback, with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other; the flanks and rear of his party were secured by the tent-ropes and by a deep trench, which they had filled with lighted fagots, according to the practice of the Arabs. The enemy advanced with reluctance; and one of their chiefs deserted, with thirty followers, to claim the partnership of inevitable death. In every close onset or single combat the despair of the Fatimites was invincible; but the surrounding multitudes galled them from a distance with a cloud of arrows, and the horses and men were successively slain. A truce was allowed on both sides for the hour of prayer; and the battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein."

The details of Hussein's own death will come better presently; suffice it at this moment to say he was slain, and that the women and children of his family were taken in chains to the Caliph Yezid at Damascus. Gibbon concludes the story thus: "In a distant age and climate, the tragic scene of the death of Hussein will awaken the sympathy of the coldest reader. On the annual festival of his martyrdom, in the devout pilgrimage to his sepulchre, his Persian votaries abandon their souls to the religious phrenzy of sorrow and indignation."

Thus the tombs of Ali and of his son, the Meshed Ali and the Meshed Hussein, standing some thirty miles apart from one another in the plain of the Euphrates, had, when Gibbon wrote, their yearly pilgrims

and their tribute of enthusiastic mourning. But Count Gobineau relates, in his book of which I have spoken, a development of these solemnities which was unknown to Gibbon. Within the present century there has arisen, on the basis of this story of the martyrs of Kerbela, a drama, a Persian national drama, which Count Gobineau, who has seen and heard it, is bold enough to rank with the Greek drama as a great and serious affair, engaging the heart and life of the people who have given birth to it; while the Latin, English, French, and German drama is, he says, in comparison a mere pastime or amusement, more or less intellectual and elegant. To me it seems that the Persian *tazya* — for so these pieces are called — find a better parallel in the Ammergau Passion Play than in the Greek drama. They turn entirely on one subject — the sufferings of the *Family of the Tent*, as the Imam Hussein and the company of persons gathered around him at Kerbela are called. The subject is sometimes introduced by a prologue, which may perhaps one day, as the need of variety is more felt, become a piece by itself; but at present the prologue leads invariably to the martyrs. For instance, the Emperor Tamerlane, in his conquering progress through the world, arrives at Damascus; the keys of the city are brought to him by the governor; but the governor is a descendant of one of the murderers of the Imam Hussein; Tamerlane is informed of it, loads him with reproaches, and drives him from his presence. The emperor presently sees the governor's daughter splendidly dressed, thinks of the sufferings of the holy women of the Family of the Tent, and upbraids and drives her away as he did her father. But after this he is haunted by the great tragedy which has been thus brought to his mind, and he cannot sleep and cannot be comforted; he calls his vizier, and his vizier tells him that the only way to soothe his troubled spirit is to see a *tazya*. And so the *tazya* commences. Or, again (and this will show how strangely, in the religious world which is now occupying us, what is most familiar to us is blended with that of which we know nothing): Joseph and his brethren appear on the stage, and the old Bible story is transacted. Joseph is thrown into the pit and sold to the merchants, and his blood-stained coat is carried by his brothers to Jacob; Jacob is then left alone, weeping and bewailing himself; the angel Gabriel enters, and reproves him for his want of faith and constancy, telling him that what he suffers

is not a hundredth part of what Ali Hussein, and the children of Hussein will one day suffer. Jacob seems to doubt it; Gabriel, to convince him, orders the angels to perform a *tazyä* of what will one day happen at Kerbela. And so the *tazyä* commences.

These pieces are given in the first ten days of the month of Moharrem, the anniversary of the martyrdom at Kerbela. They are so popular that they now invade other seasons of the year also; but this is the season when the world is given up to them. King and people, every one is in mourning; and at night and while the *tazyäs* are not going on, processions keep passing, the air resounds with the beating of breasts and with litanies of "O Hassan! Hussein!" while the Seyids, — a kind of popular friars claiming to be descendants of Mahomet, and in whose incessant popularizing and amplifying of the legend of Kerbela in their homilies during pilgrimages and at the tombs of the martyrs, the *tazyäs*, no doubt, had their origin, — keep up by their sermons and hymns the enthusiasm which the drama of the day has excited. It seems as if no one went to bed; and certainly no one who went to bed could sleep. Confraternities go in procession with a black flag and torches, every man with his shirt torn open, and beating himself with the right hand on the left shoulder in a kind of measured cadence to accompany a canticle in honour of the martyrs. These processions come and take post in the theatres where the Seyids are preaching. Still more noisy are the companies of dancers, striking a kind of wooden castanets together, at one time in front of their breasts, at another time behind their heads, and marking time with music and dance to a dirge set up by the bystanders, in which the names of the Imams perpetually recur as a burden. Noisiest of all are the Berbers, men of a darker skin and another race, their feet and the upper part of their body naked, who carry, some of them tambourines and cymbals, others iron chains and long needles. One of their race is said to have formerly derided the Imams in their affliction, and the Berbers now appear in expiation of that crime. At first their music and their march proceed slowly together, but presently the music quickens, the chain and needle-bearing Berbers move violently round, and begin to beat themselves with their chains and to prick their arms and cheeks with the needles — first gently, then with more vehemence; till suddenly the music ceases, and all stops.

So we are carried back, on this old Asiatic soil, where beliefs and usages are heaped layer upon layer and ruin upon ruin, far past the martyred Imams, past Mahometanism, past Christianity, to the priests of Baal gashing themselves with knives and to the worship of Adonis.

The *tekyas*, or theatres for the drama which calls forth these celebrations, are constantly multiplying. The king, the great functionaries, the towns, the wealthy citizens like the king's goldsmith, or any private person who has the means and the desire, provide them. Every one sends contributions; it is a religious act to furnish a box or to give decorations for a *tekyä*; and as religious offerings, all gifts down to the very smallest are accepted. There are *tekyas* for not more than three or four hundred spectators, and there are *tekyas* for three or four thousand. At Ispahan there are representations which bring together more than twenty thousand people. At Teheran, the Persian capital, each quarter of the town has its *tekyas*, every square and open place is turned to account for establishing them, and spaces have been expressly cleared, besides, for fresh *tekyas*. Count Gobineau describes particularly one of these theatres, — a *tekyä* of the best class, to hold an audience of about four thousand, — at Teheran. The arrangements are very simple; the *tekyä* is a walled parallelogram, with a brick platform, *sakou*, in the centre of it; this *sakou* is surrounded with black poles at some distance from each other, the poles are joined at the top by horizontal rods of the same color, and from these rods hang coloured lamps, which are lighted for the praying and preaching at night when the representation is over. The *sakou*, or central platform, makes the stage; in connection with it, at one of the opposite extremities of the parallelogram lengthwise, is a reserved box, *tägnumä*, higher than the *sakou*; this box is splendidly decorated, and is used for peculiarly interesting and magnificent tableaux, — the court of the Caliph, for example, — which occur in the course of the piece. A passage of a few feet wide is left free between the stage and this box; all the rest of the space is for the spectators, of whom the foremost rows are sitting on their heels close up to this passage, so that they help the actors to mount and descend the high steps of the *tägnumä* when they have to pass between that and the *sakou*. On each side of the *tägnumä* are boxes, and along one wall of the enclosure are other boxes with fronts of elaborate woodwork, which

are left to stand as a permanent part of the construction; facing these, with the floor and stage between, rise tiers of seats as in an amphitheatre. All places are free: the great people have generally provided and furnished the boxes, and take care to fill them; but if a box is not occupied when the performance begins, any ragged street-urchin or beggar may walk in and seat himself there. A row of gigantic masts run across the middle of the space, one or two of them being fixed in the *sakou* itself; and from these masts is stretched an immense awning which protects the whole audience. Up to a certain height these masts are hung with tiger and panther skins, to indicate the violent character of the scenes to be represented. Shields of steel and of hippopotamus skin, and flags and naked swords, are also attached to these masts. A sea of colour and splendour meets the eye all round. Woodwork and brickwork disappear under cushions, rich carpets, silk hangings, India muslin embroidered with silver and gold, shawls from Kerman and from Cashmere; there are lamps, lustres of coloured crystal, mirrors, Bohemian and Venetian glass, porcelain vases of all degrees of magnificence from Chirra and from Europe, paintings and engravings displayed in profusion everywhere; the taste may not always be soberly correct, but the whole spectacle has just the effect of prodigality, colour, and sumptuousness which we are accustomed to associate with the splendours of the Arabian Nights.

In marked contrast with this display is the poverty of scenic contrivance and stage illusion. The subject is far too interesting and too solemn to need them; the actors are visible on all sides, and the exits, entrances, and stage-play of our theatres are impossible; the imagination of the spectator fills up all gaps and meets all requirements. On the Ammergau arrangements one feels that the archæologists and artists of Munich have laid their correct finger; at Teheran there has been no schooling of this sort. A copper basin of water represents the Euphrates; a heap of chopped straw in a corner is the sand of the desert of Kerbela, and the actor goes and takes up a handful of it, when his part is about to require him to throw, in Oriental fashion, dust upon his head. There is no attempt at proper costume; all that is sought is, to do honour to the personages of chief interest by dresses and jewels which would pass for rich and handsome things to wear in modern Persian life. The power of the actors is in

their genuine sense of the seriousness of the business they are engaged in. They are, like the public around them, penetrated with this, and so the actor throws his whole soul into what he is about, the public meets the actor halfway, and effects of extraordinary impressiveness are the result. "The actor is under a charm," says Count Gobineau; "he is under it so strongly and completely that almost always one sees Yezid himself (the usurping caliph), the wretched Ibn-Said (Yezid's general), the infamous Shemer (Ibn-Said's lieutenant), at the moment they vent the cruellest insults against the Imams whom they are going to massacre, or against the women of the Imam's family whom they are ill-using, burst into tears and repeat their part with sobs. The public is neither surprised nor displeased at this; on the contrary, it beats its breast at the sight, throws up its arms towards heaven with invocations of God, and redoubles its groans. So it often happens that the actor identifies himself with the personage he represents to such a degree that, when the situation carries him away, he cannot be said to act, he *is* with such truth, such complete enthusiasm, such utter self-forgetfulness, what he represents, that he reaches a reality at one time sublime, at another terrible, and produces impressions on his audience which it would be simply absurd to look for from our more artificial performances. There is nothing stilted, nothing false, nothing conventional; nature, and the facts represented, themselves speak."

The actors are men and boys, the parts of angels and women being filled by boys; but the children who appear in the piece are often the children of the principal families of Teheran; their appearance in this religious solemnity (for such it is thought) being supposed to bring a blessing upon them and their parents. "Nothing is more touching," says Count Gobineau, "than to see these little things of three or four years old, dressed in black gauze frocks with large sleeves, and having on their heads small round black caps embroidered with silver and gold, kneeling beside the body of the actor who represents the martyr of the day, embracing him, and, with their little hands, covering themselves with chopped straw for sand, in sign of grief. These children evidently," he continues, "do not consider themselves to be acting; they are full of the feeling that what they are about is something of deep seriousness and importance; and though they are too young to comprehend

fully the story, they know, in general, that it is a matter sad and solemn. They are not distracted by the audience, and they are not shy, but go through their prescribed part with the utmost attention and seriousness, always crossing their arms respectfully to receive the blessing of the Imam Hussein; the public beholds them with emotions of the liveliest satisfaction and sympathy."

The dramatic pieces themselves are without any author's name. They are in popular language, such as the commonest and most ignorant of the Persian people can understand, free from learned Arabic words, — free, comparatively speaking, from Oriental fantasticality and hyperbole. The Seyida, or popular friars, already spoken of, have probably had a hand in the composition of many of them. The Moollahs, or regular ecclesiastical authorities, condemn the whole thing. It is an innovation which they disapprove and think dangerous; it is addressed to the eye, and their religion forbids to represent religious things to the eye; it departs from the limits of what is revealed and appointed to be taught as the truth, and brings in novelties and heresies; for these dramas keep growing under the pressure of the actor's imagination and emotion, and of the imagination and emotion of the public, and receive new developments every day. The learned, again, say that these pieces are a heap of lies, the production of ignorant people, and have no words strong enough to express their contempt for them. Still, so irresistible is the vogue of these sacred dramas that, from the king on the throne to the beggar in the street, every one, except perhaps the Moollahs, attends them, and is carried away by them. The Imams and their family speak always in a kind of lyrical chant, said to have rhythmical effects, often, of great pathos and beauty; their persecutors, the villains of the piece, speak always in prose.

The stage is under the direction of a cho-ragus, called *oostad*, or "master," who is a sacred personage by reason of the functions which he performs. Sometimes he addresses to the audience a commentary on what is passing before them, and asks their compassion and tears for the martyrs; sometimes, in default of a Seyid, he prays and preaches. He is always listened to with veneration, for it is he who arranges the whole sacred spectacle which so deeply moves everybody. With no attempt at concealment, with the book of the piece in his hand, he remains con-

stantly on the stage, gives the actors their cue, puts the children and any inexperienced actor in their right places, dresses the martyr in his winding-sheet when he is going to his death, holds the stirrup for him to mount his horse, and inserts a supply of chopped straw into the hands of those who are about to want it. Let us now see him at work.

The theatre is filled, and the heat is great; young men of rank, the king's pages, officers of the army, smart functionaries of State, move through the crowd with water-skins slung on their backs, dealing out water all round, in memory of the thirst which on these solemn days the Imams suffered in the sands of Kerbela. Wild chants and litanies, such as we have already described, are from time to time set up by a dervish, a soldier, a workman in the crowd. These chants are taken up, more or less, by the audience; sometimes they flag and die away for want of support, sometimes they are continued till they reach a paroxysm, and then abruptly stop. Presently a strange, insignificant figure in a green cotton garment, looking like a petty tradesman of one of the Teheran bazaars, mounts upon the *sakou*. He beckons with his hand to the audience, who are silent directly, and addresses them in a tone of lecture and expostulation, thus: —

"Well, you seem happy enough, Mussulmans, sitting there at your ease under the awning; and you imagine Paradise already wide open to you. Do you know what Paradise is? It is a garden, doubtless, but such a garden as you have no idea of. You will say to me: 'Friend, tell us what it is like.' I have never been there, certainly; but plenty of prophets have described it, and angels have brought news of it. However, all I will tell you is, that there is room for all good people there, for it is 330,000 cubits long. If you do not believe, inquire. As for getting to be one of the good people, let me tell you it is not enough to read the Koran of the Prophet (the salvation and blessing of God be upon him!); it is not enough to do everything which this divine book enjoins; it is not enough to come and weep at the *tazyas*, as you do every day, you sons of dogs you, who know nothing which is of any use; it behoves, besides, that your good works (if you ever do any, which I greatly doubt) should be done in the name and for the love of Hussein. It is Hussein, Mussulmans, who is the door to Paradise; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, who upholds the world; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, by



whom comes salvation! Cry, Hassan, Hussein!"

And all the multitude cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!"

"That is well; and now cry again." And again all cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!" "And now," the strange speaker goes on, "pray to God to keep you continually in the love of Hussein. Come, make your cry to God." Then the multitude, as one man, throw up their arms into the air, and with a deep and long-drawn cry exclaim: "Ya Allah! O God!"

Fifes, drums, and trumpets break out; the *kernas*, great copper trumpets five or six feet long, give notice that the actors are ready and that the *tazyia* is to commence. The preacher descends from the *sakou*, and the actors occupy it.

To give a clear notion of the cycle which these dramas fill, we should begin, as on the first day of the Moharrem the actors begin, with some piece relating to the childhood of the Imams, such as, for instance, the piece called *The Children Digging*. Ali and Fatima are living at Medina with their little sons Hassan and Hussein; the simple home and occupations of the pious family are exhibited; it is morning; Fatima is seated with the little Hussein on her lap, dressing him. She combs his hair, talking caressingly to him all the while. A hair comes out with the comb; the child starts; Fatima is in distress at having given the child even this momentary uneasiness, and stops to gaze upon him tenderly. She falls into an anxious reverie, thinking of her fondness for the child and of the unknown future in store for him. While she muses, the angel Gabriel stands before her. He reproves her weakness: "A hair falls from the child's head," he says, "and you weep; what would you do if you knew the destiny that awaits him, the countless wounds with which that body shall one day be pierced, the agony that shall rend thine own soul!" Fatima, in despair, is comforted by her husband Ali, and they go together into the town to hear Mahomet preach. The boys and some of their little friends begin to play; every one makes a great deal of Hussein; he is at once the most spirited and the most amiable child of them all. The party amuse themselves with digging, with making holes in the ground and building mounds. Ali returns from the sermon and asks what they are about; and Hussein is made to reply in ambiguous and prophetic answers, which convey that by these holes and mounds in the earth are prefigured interments and tombs. Ali departs again;

there rush in a number of big and fierce boys, and begin to pelt the little Imams with stones. A companion shields Hussein with his own body, but he is struck down with a stone, and with another stone Hussein, too, is stretched on the ground senseless. Who are these boy-tyrants and persecutors? They are Ibn-Said, and Shemer and others, the future murderers at Kerbela. The audience perceive it with a shudder; the hateful assailants go off in triumph; Ali re-enters, picks up the stunned and wounded children, brings them round, and takes Hussein back to his mother Fatima.

But let us come at once to the days of martyrdom and to Kerbela. One of the most famous pieces of the cycle is a piece called the *Marriage of Kassem*, which brings us into the very middle of these crowning days. Connt Gobineau has given a translation of it, and from this translation we will take a few extracts. Kassem is the son of Hussein's elder brother, the Imam Hassan, who had been poisoned by Yezid's instigation at Medina. Kassem and his mother are with the Imam Hussein at Kerbela; there, too, are the women and children of the holy family, Omm-Leyla, Hussein's wife, the Persian princess, the last child of Yezdejd the last of the Sassanides; Zeyneb, Hussein's sister, the offspring, like himself, of Ali and Fatima, and the granddaughter of Mahomet; his nephew Abdallah, still a little child; finally, his beautiful daughter Zobeyda. When the piece begins, the Imam's camp in the desert has already been cut off from the Euphrates and besieged several days by the Syrian troops under Ibn-Said and Shemer, and by the treacherous men of Kufa. The Family of the Tent were suffering torments of thirst; one of the children had brought an empty water bottle, and thrown it, a silent token of distress, before the feet of Abbas, the uncle of Hussein; Abbas had sallied out to cut his way to the river, and had been slain. Afterwards Ali-Akber, Hussein's eldest son, had made the same attempt and met with the same fate. Two younger brothers of Ali-Akber followed his example, and were likewise slain. The Imam Hussein had rushed amidst the enemy, beaten them from the body of the Ali-Akber, and brought the body back to his tent; but the river was still inaccessible. At this point the action of the *Marriage of Kassem* begins. Kassem, a youth of sixteen, is burning to go out and avenge his cousin. At one end of the *sakou* is the Imam Hussein seated on his



throne; in the middle are grouped all the members of his family; at the other end lies the body of Ali-Akber, with his mother Omm-Leyla, clothed and veiled in black, bending over it. The *kernas* sound, and Kassem, after a solemn appeal from Hussein and his sister Zeyneb to God and to the founders of their house to look upon their great distress, rises and speaks to himself:—

*Kassem.* "Separate thyself from the women of the harem, Kassem. Consider within thyself for a little; here thou sittest, and presently thou wilt see the body of Hussein, that body like a flower, torn by arrows and lances like thorns, Kassem."

"Thou sawest Ali-Akber's head severed from his body on the field of battle, and yet thou livedst!

"Arise, obey that which is written of thee by thy father; to be slain, that is thy lot, Kassem!

"Go, get leave from the son of Fatima, most honourable among women, and submit thyself to thy fate, Kassem."

Hussein sees him approach. "Alas," he says, "it is the orphan nightingale of the garden of Hassan, my brother!" Then Kassem speaks:—

*Kassem.* "O, God what shall I do beneath this load of affliction? My eyes are wet with tears, my lips are dried up with thirst. To live is worse than to die. What shall I do, seeing what hath befallen Ali-Akber? If Hussein suffereth me not to go out, O misery! for then what shall I do, O God, in the day of the resurrection, when I see my father Hassan? When I see my mother in the day of the resurrection, what shall I do, O God, in my sorrow and shame before her? All my kinsmen are gone to appear before the Prophet: shall not I also one day stand before the Prophet; and what shall I do, O God, in that day!"

Then he addresses the Imam:—

"Hail, threshold of the honour and majesty on high, threshold of heaven, threshold of God! In the roll of martyrs thou art the chief; in the book of creation thy story will live forever. An orphan, a fatherless child, downcast and weeping, comes to prefer a request to thee."

Hussein bids him tell it, and he answers:—

"O light of the eyes of Mahomet the mighty, O lieutenant of Ali the lion, Abbas has perished, Ali-Akber has suffered martyrdom; O my uncle, thou hast no warriors left, and no standard-bearer. The roses are gone and gone are their

buds; the jessamine is gone, the poppies are gone. I alone, I am still left in the garden of the Faith, a thorn, and miserable. If thou hast any kindness for the orphan, suffer me to go forth and fight."

Hussein refuses. "My child," he says, "thou wast the light of the eyes of the Imam Hassan, thou art my beloved remembrance of him; ask me not this, urge me not, entreat me not; to have lost Ali-Akber is enough."

Kassem answers:—"That Kassem should live and Ali-Akber be martyred—sooner let the earth cover me! O king, be generous to the beggar at thy gate. See how my eyes run with tears and my lips are dried up with thirst. Cast thine eyes toward the waters of the heavenly Euphrates! I die of thirst; grant me, O thou marked of God, a full pitcher of the water of life; it flows in the Paradise which awaits me."

Hussein still refuses; Kassem breaks forth in complaints and lamentations, his mother comes to him and learns the reason. She then says:—

"Complain not against the Imam, light of my eyes; only by his order can the commission of martyrdom be given. In that commission are sealed two-and-seventy witnesses, all righteous, and among the two-and-seventy is thy name. Know that thy destiny of death is commanded in the writing which thou wearest on thine arm."

This writing is the testament of his father Hassan. He bears it in triumph to the Imam Hussein, who finds written there that he should, on the death-plain of Kerbela, suffer Kassem to have his will, but that he should marry him first to his daughter, Zobeyda. Kassem consents, though in astonishment. "Consider," he says, "there lies Ali-Akber, mangled by the enemies' hands! Under this sky of ebon blackness, how can joy show her face? Nevertheless if thou commandest it, what have I to do but obey? Thy commandment is that of the Prophet, and his voice is that of God." But Hussein has also to overcome the reluctance of the intended bride and of all the women of his family.

"Heir of the vicar of God," says Kassem's mother to the Imam, "bid me die, but speak not to me of a bridal. If Zobeyda is to be a bride and Kassem a bridegroom, where is the henna to tinge their hands, where is the bridal chamber?"

"Mother of Kassem," answers the Imam solemnly, "yet a few moments, and in this field of anguish the tomb shall be for marriage-bed, and the winding-sheet for

bridal garment!" All give way to the will of their sacred Head. The women and children surround Kassem, sprinkle him with rose-water, hang bracelets and necklaces on him, and scatter bon-bons around; and then the marriage procession is formed. Suddenly drums and trumpets are heard, and the Syrian troops appear. Ibn-Said and Shemer are at their head. "The Prince of the Faith celebrates a marriage in the desert," they exclaim tauntingly; "we will soon change his festivity into mourning." They pass by, and Kassem takes leave of his bride. "God keep thee, my bride," he says, embracing her, "for I must forsake thee!" One moment," she says, "remain in thy place one moment! thy countenance is as the lamp which giveth us light; suffer me to turn around thee as the butterfly turneth, gently, gently!" And making a turn around him, she performs the ancient Eastern rite of respect from a new-married wife to her husband. Troubled, he rises to go: "The reins of my will are slipping away from me!" he murmurs. She lays hold of his robe: "Take off thy hand," he cries, "we belong not to ourselves!"

Then he asks the Imam to array him in his winding-sheet. "O nightingale of the divine orchard of martyrdom," says Hussein, as he complies with his wish, "I clothe thee with thy winding-sheet, I kiss thy face; there is no fear, and no hope, but of God!" Kassem commits his little brother Abdallah to the Imam's care; Omm-Leyla looks up from her son's corpse, and says to Kassem: "When thou enterest the garden of Paradise, kiss for me the head of Ali-Akber!"

The Syrian troops again appear; Kassem rushes upon them and they all go off fighting. The Family of the Tent at Hussein's command, put the Koran on their heads and pray, covering themselves with sand. Kassem re-appears victorious; he has slain Azrek, a chief captain of the Syrians, but his thirst is intolerable. "Uncle," he says to the Imam, who asks him what reward he wishes for his valour, "my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth; the reward I wish is water." "Thou coverest me with shame, Kassem," his uncle answers; "what can I do? Thou askest water; there is no water!"

Kassem. "If I might but wet my mouth, I could presently make an end of the men of Kufa."

Hussein. "As I live, I have not one drop of water!"

Kassem. "Were it but lawful, I would wet my mouth with my own blood."

Hussein. "Beloved child, what the Prophet forbids, that cannot I make lawful."

Kassem. "I beseech thee, let my lips be but once moistened, and I will vanquish thine enemies!"

Hussein presses his own lips to those of Kassem, who, refreshed, again rushes forth, and returns bleeding and stuck with darts, to die at the Imam's feet in the tent. So ends the marriage of Kassem.

But the great day is the tenth day of the Moharrem, when comes the death of the Imam himself. The narrative of Gibbon well sums up the events of this great tenth day. "The battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein. Alone, weary and wounded, he seated himself at the door of his tent. He was pierced in the mouth with a dart. He lifted his hands to heaven—they were full of blood—and he uttered a funeral prayer for the living and the dead. In a transport of despair, his sister issued from the tent, and adjured the general of the Kufians that he would not suffer Hussein to be murdered before his eyes. A tear trickled down the soldier's venerable beard; and the boldest of his men fell back on every side as the dying Imam threw himself among them. The remorseless Shemer—a name detested by the faithful—reproached their cowardice; and the grandson of Mahomet was slain with three-and-thirty strokes of lances and swords. After they had trampled on his body, they carried his head to the castle of Kufa, and the inhuman Obeidallah (the governor) struck him on the mouth with a cane. "Alas!" exclaimed an aged Mussulman, "on those lips have I seen the lips of the Apostle of God!"

For this catastrophe no one *tazya* suffices; all the companies of actors unite in a vast open space; booths and tents are pitched round the outside circle for the spectators; in the centre is the Imam's camp, and the day ends with its conflagration.

Nor are there wanting pieces which carry on the story beyond the death of Hussein. One which produces an extraordinary effect is *The Christian Damsel*. The carnage is over, the enemy are gone; to the awe-struck beholders, the scene shows the silent plain of Kerbela and the tombs of the martyrs. Their bodies, full of wounds, and with weapons sticking in them still, are exposed to view; but around them all are crowns of burning candles, circles of light, to show that they have entered into glory. At one end of the *sakou*

is a high tomb by itself. It is the tomb of the Imam Hussein, and his pierced body is seen stretched out upon it. A brilliant caravan enters, with camels, soldiers, servants, and a young lady on horseback, in European costume, or what passes in Persia for European costume. She halts near the tombs, and proposes to encamp. Her servants try to pitch a tent; but wherever they drive a pole into the ground, blood springs up, and a groan of horror bursts from the audience. Then the fair traveller, instead of encamping, mounts into the *tagnuma*, lies down to rest there, and falls asleep. Jesus Christ appears to her, and makes known that this is Kerbela, and what has happened here. Meanwhile, an Arab of the desert, a Bedouin who had formerly received Hussein's bounty, comes stealthily, intent on plunder, upon the *sakou*. He finds nothing, and in a paroxysm of brutal fury he begins to ill-treat the corpses. Blood flows. The feeling of Asiatics about their dead is well-known, and the horror of the audience rises to its height. Presently the ruffian assails and wounds the corpse of the Imam himself, over whom white doves are hovering; the voice of Hussein, deep and mournful, calls from his tomb: "*There is no God but God!*" The robber flies in terror; the angels, the prophets, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, Moses, the Imams, the holy women, all come upon the *sakou*, press round Hussein, load him with honours. The Christian damsel wakes, and embraces Islam, the Islam of the sect of the Shiah.

Another piece closes the whole story, by bringing the captive women and children of the Imam's family to Damascus, to the presence of the Caliph Yezid. It is in this piece that there comes the magnificent tableau, of which I have already spoken, of the court of the caliph; the crown jewels are lent for it, and the dresses of the ladies of Yezid's court, represented by boys chosen for their good looks, are said to be worth thousands and thousands of pounds; but the audience see them without favour, for this brilliant court of Yezid is cruel to the captives of Kerbela. The captives are thrust into a wretched dungeon under the palace walls; but the Caliph's wife had formerly been a slave of Mahomet's daughter Fatima, the mother of Hussein and Zeyneb. She goes to see Zeyneb in prison, her heart is touched, she passes into an agony of repentance, returns to her husband, upbraids him with his crimes, and intercedes for the women of the holy family, and for the children, who keep calling for the Imam Hus-

sein. Yezid orders his wife to be put to death, and sends the head of Hussein to the children. Sekyna, the Imam's youngest daughter, a child of four years old, takes the beloved head in her arms, kisses it, and lies down beside it. Then Hussein appears to her as in life: "Oh! my father," she cries, "where wast thou? I was hungry, I was cold, I was beaten—where wast thou?" But now she sees him again, and is happy. In the vision of her happiness she passes away out of life, she enters into rest, and the piece ends with her mother and her aunts burying her.

These are the martyrs of Kerbela; and these are the sufferings which awaken in an Asiatic audience sympathy so deep and serious, transports so genuine of pity, love, and gratitude, that to match them at all one must take the feelings raised at Ammergau. And now, where are we to look, in the subject-matter of the Persian passion-play, for the source of all this emotion? Count Gobineau suggests that it is to be found in the feeling of patriotism; and that our Indo-European kinsmen, the Persians, conquered by the Semitic Arabians, find in the sufferings of Hussein a portrait of their own martyrdom. "Hussein," says Count Gobineau, "is not only the son of Ali, he is the husband of a princess of the blood of the Persian kings; he, his father Ali, the whole body of Imams taken together, represent the nation, represent Persia, invaded, ill-treated, despoiled, stripped of its inhabitants, by the Arabians. The right which is insulted and violated in Hussein, is identified with the right of Persia. The Arabians, the Turks, the Afghans—Persia's implacable and hereditary enemies—recognize Yezid as legitimate caliph; Persia finds therein an excuse for hating them the more, and identifies herself the more with the usurper's victims. It is *patriotism*, therefore, which has taken the form, here, of the drama to express itself." No doubt there is much truth in what Count Gobineau thus says; and it is certain that the division of Shiah and Suni has its true cause in a division of races, rather than in a difference of religious belief.

But I confess that if the interest of the Persian passion-plays had seemed to me to lie solely in the curious evidence they afford of the workings of patriotic feeling in a conquered people, I should hardly have occupied myself with them at all this length. I believe that they point to something much more interesting. What this is, I cannot do more than just indi-

cate; but indicate it I will, in conclusion, and then leave the student of human nature to follow it out for himself.

When Mahomet's cousin Jaffer, and others of his first converts, persecuted by the idolaters of Mecca, fled in the year of our era 615, seven years before the Hegira, into Abyssinia, and took refuge with the king of that country, the people of Mecca sent after the fugitives to demand that they should be given up to them. Abyssinia was then already Christian. The king asked Jaffer and his companions what was this new religion for which they had left their country. Jaffer answered: "We were plunged in the darkness of ignorance, we were worshippers of idols. Given over to all our passions, we knew no law but that of the strongest, when God raised up among us a man of our own race, of noble descent, and long held in esteem by us for his virtues. This apostle called us to believe in one God, to worship God only, to reject the superstitions of our fathers, to despise divinities of wood and stone. He commanded us to eschew wickedness, to be truthful in speech, faithful to our engagements, kind and helpful to our relations and neighbours. He bade us respect the chastity of women, and not to rob the orphan. He exhorted us to prayer, alms-giving, and fasting. We believed in his mission, and we accepted the doctrines and the rule of life which he brought to us from God. For this our countrymen have persecuted us; and now they want to make us return to their idolatry." The king of Abyssinia refused to surrender the fugitives, and then, turning again to Jaffer, after a few more explanations, he picked up a straw from the ground, and said to him: "Between your religion and ours there is not the thickness of this straw difference."

That is not quite so; yet thus much we may affirm, that Jaffer's account of the religion of Mahomet is a great deal truer than the accounts of it which are commonly current amongst us. Indeed, for the credit of humanity, as more than a hundred millions of men are said to profess the Mahometan religion, one is glad to think so. To popular opinion everywhere, religion is proved by miracles. All religions but a man's own are utterly false and vain; the authors of them are mere impostors; and the wonders which are said to attest them, fictitious. We forget that this is a game which two can play at; although the believer of each religion always imagines the prodigies which attest his own religion to be fenced by a

guard granted to them alone. Yet how much more safe is it, as well as more fruitful, to look for the main confirmation of a religion in its intrinsic correspondence with urgent wants of human nature, in its profound necessity! Differing religions will then be found to have much in common; but this will be an additional proof of the value of that religion which does most for that which is thus commonly recognized as salutary and necessary. In Christendom one need not go about to establish that the religion of the Hebrews is a better religion than the religion of the Arabs, or that the Bible is a greater book than the Koran. The Bible *grec*, the Koran *was made*; there lies the immense difference in depth and truth between them! This very inferiority may make the Koran, for certain purposes and for people at a low stage of mental growth, a more powerful instrument than the Bible. From the circumstances of its origin, the Koran has the intensely dogmatic character, it has the perpetual insistence on the motive of future rewards and punishments, the palpable exhibition of paradise and hell, which the Bible has not. Therefore, to get the sort of power which all this gives, popular Christianity is apt to treat the Bible as if it was just like the Koran; and because of 'his sort of power, among the little known and little advanced races of the great African continent, the Mahometan missionaries are said to be much more successful than ours. Nevertheless even in Africa it will assuredly one day be manifest, that whereas the Bible-people trace themselves to Abraham through Isaac, and the Koran-people trace themselves to Abraham through Ishmael, the difference between the religion of the Bible and the religion of the Koran is almost as the difference between Isaac and Ishmael. I mean, that the seriousness about righteousness, which is what the hatred of idolatry really means, and the profound and inexhaustible doctrines that the righteous Eternal loveth righteousness, that there is no peace for the wicked, that the righteous is an everlasting foundation, are exhibited and inculcated in the Old Testament with an authority, majesty, and truth which leave the Koran immeasurably behind, and which, the more mankind grows and gains light, the more will be felt to have no fellows. Mahomet was no doubt acquainted with the Jews and their documents, and gained something from this source for his religion; but his religion is not a mere plagiarism from Judea any more than it is a mere mass of falsehood. No; in the seriousness,

elevation, and moral energy of himself and of that Semitic race from which he sprang and to which he spoke, Mahomet mainly found that scorn and hatred of idolatry, that sense of the worth and truth of righteousness, judgment, and justice, which make the real greatness of him and his Koran, and which are thus rather an independent testimony to the essential doctrines of the Old Testament, than a plagiarism from them. The world needs righteousness and the Bible is the grand teacher of it; but, for certain times and certain men, Mahomet too in his way, was a teacher of righteousness.

But we know how the Old Testament conception of righteousness ceased with time to have the freshness and force of an intuition, became something petrified, narrow, and formal, and needed renewing. We know how Christianity renewed it, carrying into these hard waters of Judaism a sort of warm gulf-stream of tender emotion, due chiefly to qualities which may be summed up as those of inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement. Mahometanism had no such renewing; it began with a conception of righteousness, lofty indeed, but narrow, and which we may call old Jewish; and there it remained; it is not a *feeling* religion. No one would say that the virtues of gentleness, mildness, and self-sacrifice were its virtues and the more it went on, the more the faults of its original narrow basis became visible, more and more it became fierce and militant, less and less was it amiable. Now, what are Ali, and Hassan, and Hussein and the Imams, but an insurrection of noble and pious natures against this hardness and aridity of the religion round them; an insurrection making its authors seem weak, helpless, and unsuccessful to the world and amidst the struggles of the world, but enabling them to know the joy and peace for which the world thirsts in vain, and inspiring in the heart of mankind an irresistible sympathy. "The twelve Imams," says Gibbon, "Ali, Hassan, Hussein, and the lineal descendants of Hussein to the ninth generation, without arms, or treasures, or subjects, successively enjoyed the veneration of the people. Their names were often the pretence of sedition and civil war; but these royal saints despised the pomp of the world, submitted to the will of God and the injustice of man, and devoted their innocent lives to the study and practice of religion."

Abnegation and mildness, based on the depth of the inner life, and visited by unmerited misfortune, made the power of the

first and famous Imams, Ali, Hassan, and Hussein, over the popular imagination. "O brother," said Hassan, as he was dying of poison, to Hussein who sought to find out and punish his murderer, "O brother, let him alone till he and I meet together before God!" So his father Ali had stood back from his rights instead of snatching at them; so of Hussein it was said by his successful rival, the usurping Caliph Yezid: "God loved Hussein, but he would not suffer him to attain to anything." They might attain to nothing, they were too pure, these great ones of the world as by birth they were; but the people, which itself also can attain to so little, loved them all the better on that account, loved them for their abnegation and mildness, felt that they were dear to God, that God loved them, and that they and their lives filled a void in the severe religion of Mahomet. These saintly self-deniers, these resigned sufferers, who would not strive nor cry, supplied a tender and pathetic side in Islam; the conquered Persians, a more mobile, more impressionable, and gentler race than their concentrated, narrow, and austere Semitic conquerors, felt the need of it most, and gave most prominence to the ideals which satisfied the need; but in Arabs and Turks also, and in all the Mahometan world, Ali and his sons excite enthusiasm and affection. Round the central sufferer, Hussein, has come to group itself everything which is most tender and touching; his person brings to the Mussulman's mind the most human side of Mahomet himself, his fondness for children.—for Mahomet had loved to nurse the little Hussein on his knee, and to show him from the pulpit to his people. The Family of the Tent is full of women and children, and their devotion and sufferings,—blameless and saintly women, lovely and innocent children; there, too, are the beauty and the love of youth; all follow the attraction of the pure and resigned Imam, all die for him; their tender pathos flows into his and enhances it, till there arises for the popular imagination an immense ideal of mildness and self-sacrifice, melting and overpowering the soul.

Even for us, to whom almost all the names are strange, whose interest in the places and persons is faint, who have them before us for a moment to-day, to see them again probably, no more for ever,—even for us, unless I err greatly, the power and pathos of this ideal are recognizable. What must they be for those to whom every name is familiar and calls up the most solemn and cherished associations;



who have had their adoring gaze fixed all their lives upon this exemplar of self-denial and gentleness, and who have no other? If it was superfluous to say to English people that the religion of the Koran has not the value of the religion of the Old Testament, still more is it superfluous to say that the religion of the Imams has not the value of Christianity. The character and discourse of Christ possess, I have often elsewhere said, two signal powers: mildness and sweet reasonableness. The latter, the power which so puts before our view duty of every kind as to give it the force of an intuition, as to make it seem,—to make the total sacrifice of our ordinary self seem,—the most simple, natural, winning, necessary thing in the world, has been hitherto applied with but a very limited range, it is destined to an infinitely wider application, and has a fruitfulness which may yet transform the world. Of this the Imams have nothing, except so far as all mildness and self-sacrifice have in them something of sweet reasonableness and are its indispensable preliminary. This they have, *mildness and self-sacrifice*; and we have seen what an attraction it exercises. Could we ask for a stronger testimony to Christianity? Could we wish for any sign more convincing, that Christ was indeed, what Christians call him, *the desire of all nations*? So salutary, so necessary is what Christianity contains, that a religion—a great, powerful successful religion—arises without it, and the missing virtue forces its way in! Christianity may say to these Persian Mahometans, with their gaze fondly turned towards the martyred Imams, what in our Bible God says by Isaiah to Cyrus, their great ancestor:—“*I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.*” It is a long way from Kerbela to Calvary; but the sufferers of Kerbela hold aloft to the eyes of millions of our race the lesson so loved by the sufferer of Calvary. For he said: “Learn of me, that I am *mild*, and *lowly of heart*; and ye shall find *rest unto your souls.*”

From Good Cheer.  
THE NEAP REEF.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF “DOROTHY FOX.”

#### CHAPTER V.

AND how had it fared with Margot during these months of Philip's absence? Alas! but sadly. The winter, which was always a time of hardship and privation,

had set in unusually early; her grandfather had been entirely laid up with a severe attack of his old enemy, rheumatism; and the responsibility of gaining what little they could, at a time when work was scarce and provisions dear, fell wholly to Margot's share. Poor child! the neighbours who saw her with her load in the village, and Mrs. Lee, who sneeringly said she looked like a packman, little knew that the burthen she carried was light compared with her heavy heart—heavy and sorrowful, as she remembered how small was the sum for which she had been able to sell her nets and one or two boxes, and how little it would do towards giving them even necessities in the home from which she had started that morning all but fasting.

She so wanted to take the poor old man a little tobacco; he hadn't had a pipe for days, and, as he often said, he could stand anything so long as he'd got his baccy. Not a murmur had escaped his lips, but Margot knew well the cause of his restlessness, and the reason why he couldn't sleep at night. Just before she reached the small shop, she turned up a side lane to count her money once more, and see if she could only get half-an-ounce, even that would be such a treat to him; and resting herself by leaning against the low stone wall, she stood looking at her money, and trying to persuade herself that she was not so *very* hungry: she really thought she might do without anything more until she got back again.

“Margot,” said a voice at her side, and she started to find Dick Barry there. “Were you counting your money,” he asked laughingly, “to see how much you've got for Mother White's sugar-sticks?”

Sugar-sticks! when she was so hungering after a piece of bread that she could scarcely think of aught else—and the tears, which lay close to her eyes while she battled to keep them down, brimmed over and rolled in great drops down her cheeks.

“What's the matter then, eh, Margot?” and the young fellow's tenderness spoke in his voice.

“Oh, nothing!” she answered, brushing her hand across her eyes; “but winter is a sad time, and grandfather has been ill, and is so stiff.”

“Are ye going to Mavor's with the nets?” he asked, looking at her bundle.

“I've been—and—and”—the tears would come and the voice grew husky—“they—they took two boxes, but they don't want any nets.”



Love is the best sharpener of some instincts. Dick didn't want to be told more; he understood now the reason of the drooping attitude, the wistful gaze at the few coins in her open hand, and why her tears were so ready to flow.

"Don't be cast down," he said softly. "If you didn't want to carry 'em back, and you'd let me have 'em — I'm going to Luton to-morrow — I might get an offer there for 'em."

"Truly! Oh, I should be so glad to get them sold! for you know, Dick, we have been very hard driven this last month."

"I didn't know," he said, looking down and kicking at the flints which lay in his way. "How should I know? You never tell me anything. You won't even treat me like a friend. 'Tisn't as you promised in that talk, Margot; and I've kept my word, you know."

She tried to avoid answering him by undoing the bundle she carried, Honfleur fashion, across her back.

"Ah!" she exclaimed with a sigh of relief; "but it was heavy. The nets will make it all the lighter when they're gone."

"You shan't carry any of it further," said Dick resolutely. "Get what you've got to buy, and I'll wait where you like, and as long as you like, but I'm going to carry this home for you."

"No, no, please; I'd rather not; let me have the boxes; I'm not a bit tired now."

"Of course I don't want to force my company on you," said the young man moodily; "if you're ashamed for it to be seen, or said, that you walked down the village with me, I'll go one way and you can go another."

"Dick!" and Margot looked into his face, "when you've just been so kind to me!"

"Kind!" he echoed impatiently. "I ain't kind; 'tisn't kind to do what pleases ye most in the world. Oh, Margot!" he went on, "you don't know what a different chap you might make o' me only by giving me a hoist up now-and-then by asking me to do any little thing for ye. I don't look for more than that now, because I see you haven't got it to give me; but he's away, and the old man's laid by, and 'twouldn't be much to let me strive to make you see I ain't such a reglar bad one but that you might make a man of me. I know what you're thinking about," he continued looking at her somewhat perplexed face; "you're wondering what he'd say. Ah! 'tis easy enough for him to keep straight; do you think, if I'd had the luck to win what he has, that I should want to go jack-

acting and skylarking about as I do? No; 'tis more often a heavy heart than a light one sets me off; and somehow I don't find spreeing the same as it used to be; and, since that talk we had after Phil went, and you told me of your promise to him, and how things could never be different between us two, I've thought over the words you said, Margot, and I do want to do as you asked me to, only I haven't somehow got the upper hand o' myself, and I ain't able to. Oh, Margot! don't let me slip back for want o' help; I feel almost as if I was given a last chance, and if I let this one go, the devil'll see I never get another."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked softly.

"Why, nothing, but let me come and see you sometimes, and sit quiet and yarn with the old man; then I should ha' a reason for stopping away from Craft's. And then if you'd ask me to do any little thing so as I saw you trusted me, why it ud cheer me up so that I know I should get on."

Margot was silent. Surely, she thought, Philip could not object to this; he was a good man, ready to help anybody, and, as he said, he only disliked Barry because he was idle and too fond of gay company, which he would not believe he ever intended to give up. Poor fellow! that was just it; nobody believed him; they all laughed at his intentions, though she felt certain he meant what he said. Then she had told him that Philip and she were betrothed lovers; so of course Philip would not be jealous any more. Still she felt doubtful and hesitated. Did not the good God see her heart and know her wish was to please Him and Philip? Should she say Yes or No? He would help her; and repeating the words alternately on her fingers, and finding the little finger and Yes came last and together, she turned round, and putting her hand on Dick's, said —

"It shall be as you say now; and when Philip comes back we will all be friends, and he will help you more than anybody could. Stay, and I will go and get my bread and the tobacco for grandfather, and then we'll go up the road and back by Turncross."

On their road Margot artlessly let Dick into many of the privations which she and her grandfather had lately suffered, the consequence of which was that the kind-hearted fellow determined to stick hard at work, and not spend his wages beforehand, by which means he could, by different de-

vices, contrive to help Margot and her grandfather without their suspecting it. So a few days after, he went to the cottage with a story of a shop at Luton which had given him an order for various nets and lines.

"If you'll make 'em," he said, addressing old Dutton, "I'll undertake to get them conveyed all right."

Whereupon, between receiving the money for those already disposed of, and this order, which insured more to come, the poor old fellow, weakened by his recent illness, was quite overcome, and in a quavering whisper told Dick "that God would bless him, for they'd bin two upon one for the last month. Ah! and it's longer than that since my poor lass has known what the taste of a full meal is. I know the meaning of her being chock-a-block afore she's had enough to feed a sparrur; 'tis all cos o' me — that I shall ha' the more," and a sob choked his utterance and obliged him to be silent lest Margot should overhear him.

This, then, was the foundation for the village gossip. Dick Barry stuck to his work; he was frequently absent from Craft's, and when he went, instead of waiting to be among the last to leave, he was often among the first to go, saying he must be up early in the morning: lastly, he had been met several times crossing the beach, or, if the weather was bad or the tide high, going down Turncross way. Will Smith had met him, and asked if he was bound on a French cutting-out expedition; and his chums began throwing out hints about Margot, at which the young fellow's good-looking face would redden-up like a girl's, and he would stammer out such flat denials as only confirmed their suspicions. But Margot heard nothing of this; she only saw that by degrees Dick was growing different. She felt their brother-and-sisterly sort of footing to be very pleasant; and it was cheerful for somebody to come and chat with her grandfather, whose strength came but slowly.

Dick had a fine voice, and loved music dearly, and first he would sing, and then Margot would join him. Sometimes they would make the old man give them one of his quaint ditties, and Margot would laugh till the tears came, as, in a very high key, he bellowed out "Adoo to you Spanish ladies! adoo to you ladies of Spain!" or sang the pathetic history which had for its chorus —

"Oh! take lesson by a fly,  
Never give way to luxury."

Assuredly no people in Redneap spent an evening more cheerfully or innocently, not excepting even Mrs. Lee, although she went to chapel and class meetings, and returned home criticizing the preacher or his hearers; or, if they happened to satisfy her, applying his condemnations and reproof, not to herself, but to somebody she knew, and whom she felt sure "they must ha' come home to." Even when she prayed for her son, the sole possessor of all the softness in her somewhat hard nature, it was rather in the spirit of thanking God he was not like other sons whom she knew of. He was honest, sober, upright; yes, she had brought him up to be very different from most whom she could name. All these praises, in her strong love, were repeated by poor Margot, as she, too, nightly asked God to bless Philip Lee, and send him home in safety to her. To her? Ah! how came it that such as she should have the blessing of this man's love? And, in her humility, she joyfully thanked God for his goodness to one who had so little but love to offer in return.

It happened about this time, that the rectory Christmas treat was given, and to it all Redneap was invited, including, of course, old Dutton and Margot. The prospect of a little gaiety filled the girl with delight, the only drawback being that her grandfather didn't see how he could get so far. "'Tis such a journey round," he said dolefully, "and I don't think I could manage Turncross."

"Yes you can, and you shall," exclaimed Margot. "I'll drag you, and push you, and pull you, until you cannot help going on and getting to the top."

When Barry came, he volunteered his help, and so it was arranged that he was to come to the cottage at a certain hour, and between then the old man was in some way to be got up to the rectory.

"And you make your mind easy about getting back, Margot," said Barry, "for if it's fair I'll get Thompson's boat, and if not I'll go back with you and see him all safe home."

Therefore, had all been known, there was really no need for such a nudging of elbows as went round the room when, a little late, her eyes dancing with excitement, her rich colour deeper than usual — from the no small exertion of pushing, while Barry dragged, poor old Dutton up the steep ascent — Margot entered between the two men, and went forward to make her curtsy before Mrs. Chenevix and the ladies assembled.

"Annie! — d'y'e see? Well, I never

did," exclaimed Mrs. Lee in a half-audible whisper, following Margot with her eyes, while Annie thought she had never seen any one so bewitching in all her life. She didn't wonder at the gracious smiles of the gentry — at the evident admiration of the men clustered together about the room. All her thought was, did Margot prefer Dick to Philip? — if not, what chance had she? Why, he couldn't help himself; nobody could resist her. She believed young Mr. Chenevix even was losing his heart to her as he bent down talking to her in her own tongue, the sound of which brought out her smiles, and made sweet dimples play about her laughing mouth.

"Oh! Philip will never give her up," she almost groaned, in answer to another whisper from the widow. "Isn't she looking most lovely?"

"'Tis the foot, not the face, the devil's know'd by," snorted Mrs. Lee; "and she's showed her hoof rather too plain for my son, or any other honest man, I hope, to be fobbed off by her brazen face, however pretty it may be."

Annie said no more; but as she sat watching her rival her heart sank within her, feeling how little chance her homely face and prim ways gave her. The question that seemed uppermost in her mind, and which she felt compelled to ask every one who sat beside her, was, "Isn't Margot Dutton looking sweet and pretty?"

"Well, yes," answered Mr. Vesey, whom the hospitable rector always begged as a personal favour to be present at this general and social gathering. "The gift of a very comely presence has been bestowed upon her, and I trust she will be kept from setting undue store upon what often proves to be one of Satan's most powerful snares. We are speaking of our young foreign friend," he added, turning to Mrs. Lee, to whom the kind-hearted minister's charitable blindness was often a sore stumbling-block.

"Friend, indeed!" said the widow angrily. "I don't know of anybody who'd own her as such. She looks to me for all the world like a tambourine wench, with that rory-tory red and yellor handkercher, and them miserable brass ear-drops."

"Yes, it's a thousand pities that nobody takes it upon them to speak out to her," put in the minister's wife, whose amount of tact in smoothing over the numerous offences of the small congregation quite equalled her husband's share of the chief of the Christian virtues. "When she came up to us just this minute, I'd two

minds whether I wouldn't say what lay on my tongue to tell her."

"My dear!" my dear!" interrupted her husband hastily, "remember the word should be in season, and the girl is young, and has been without guidance. If we pluck at her feathers now, the flesh will be rebellious; let us rather seek to touch her heart by gentle means, and moulting time will come, and these gay feathers will fall off of their own accord. Eh, neighbour Lee? you will agree with me there I know;" and he fortunately turned away to speak to some one near, and so escaped hearing the contemptuous snort by which the widow relieved her outraged feelings.

"I do declare," she exclaimed as soon as Mrs. Vesey was well out of hearing, "if Mr. Vesey ain't enough to aggravate a saint! Sometimes I wonder whether he's quite so sharp as he should be. You know his sister was a little hippy after her two boys was drown'd, and p'raps 'tis in the family."

"Oh my, I hope not!" said Annie; "but I'm glad Mrs. Vesey didn't speak to Margot; 'tis better left to some other time than this, I think."

"Well then, Annie, you think wrong: for if Mr. Vesey don't choose to answer to his call as a minister, his wife should speak for him. He's a great deal too fond of keeping his mouth shut, is Mr. Vesey, and thereby lettin' the devil score one on his side; and, mark my words, if folks as withhold reproofs they should ha' uttered don't find that it's no such easy business to wipe out that tally."

Later in the evening, when Margot, after several attempts, which had been adroitly thwarted, got over to Mrs. Lee's side, and feeling drawn towards any one belonging to her absent lover, said in a soft shy whisper, "I wish Philip was here, Madam, he would so enjoy it, and we should have nothing left to wish for," Mrs. Lee answered her in a tone which all could hear, that she didn't know what difference her son's being there could make to her. She had to be told if there was any reason why it should make or mar her pleasure. Whereupon the bystanders said to Mrs. Lee, that they thought she'd given Margot her answer; and to one another, that there was no cause for speaking like that to the girl before everybody; and, as sure as eggs was eggs, Mrs. Lee would be sorry for it some day, for they could see Margot meant nothing towards Barry, though he seemed almost as mad after her as Philip Lee himself.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE hawthorn was blossoming in the Redneap hedges, the cuckoo was telling its good tidings to the glad villagers; the winter was over, the spring time had come and with it had come Philip Lee. Yes, Philip was at home again; and, having done ample justice to the substantial tea she had set forth in his honour, he sat by his old mother's fireside, pipe in hand, prepared to listen to the vast heap of news which for his benefit, amusement, and instruction she had been all these months past accumulating.

Mrs. Lee took out her knitting, and settled herself to enjoy, as only a woman can, the pleasure of retailing all this amount of gossip and soon she was deep in John Chubb's illness and death, the unnecessary display made at his funeral, the sermon preached by Mr. Horan, of whom, it was said, Mr. Vesey was uncommonly jealous; the various good or bad ventures made by the different boats, the prospects of the fishing trade, &c.; until, in the midst of a graphic account of Mrs. Craft's headstone, her son interrupted her by saying, somewhat irrelevantly, "How are all the maidens?"

Mrs. Lee gave him a sharp glance, but she only answered, "Oh! all very well. Annie Turle was here on Sunday. Ever since you left she would ha' me go there o' Wednesdays, and have my tea and go to chapel with her; 'tis quite a pleasure to go to a place o' worship with that girl, for she'll bring away the sermon, word for word, and repeat it like a book. Annie's her mother's girl there, for all the Bate-sons were wonderful hands at remembering things."

Philip gave a few more puffs at his pipe, and then he asked, "Have you seen anything of old Dutton?"

"Not lately."

Here something went wrong with the pipe, and Philip had to turn completely away from his mother to remedy it, during which time he said, with assumed indifference, "Nor Margot?"

Naomi Lee pursed up her thin lips as, without taking her eyes from her knitting she answered her son's question. "Nobody ever went down to the beach, or passed Craft's, without being pretty sure to see Margot — wherever the men are you may hear her voice above all. In my-day, a girl wouldn't ha' bin much thought of that every man could make free and have his joke with."

"Oh! she means no harm, mother. You

forget how different she was brought up; 'twas the natural thing there for the women to sit gossiping with the men. They're all just like her."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Lee, with well-feigned surprise. "Then I'm thankful I live in a Christian country where the women know what decency means, and sit in their own houses all the week, and go to church or chapel on Sundays, and don't go giggling and gostering without a bit o' bonnet on their heads, and long ear-drops hanging to their ears; if that's the French way, thank the Lord that I'm English." And Mrs. Lee knitted away more vigorously than before, while Philip sat with troubled face and heart, wondering how his mother would act on hearing that he had chosen the chief of these offenders to bear her name, to fill her place, and to step into those shoes which were now employed in shaking off the dust of her resentment into the faces of the whole nation of foreigners.

"Come, come, mother," he said at length, "you mustn't speak hardly of her, for —" but Mrs. Lee interrupted him by exclaiming —

"Me speak hard o' her! Well, I'm sure Philip, you'd best listen to what others ha' got to say. Just ask Mr. Vesey what's his opinion o' a girl who could go up to the rectory feast flaunting her great long ear-drops as bold as brass afore the ladies, and sit up laughing and jabbering away her lingo to young Mr. Chenevix and Cap'en Fortescue, as if she was one o' their own sort; or put the question to Mrs. Davis, if she'd let her Sarah Jane set foot inside a dancing booth, as I understand Margot might ha' bin seen at Rick-field Revels, capering away like one o' Richardson's show-gals. But there, 'tis no business o' mine, nor o' yours neither, for that matter, so we needn't waste our time haggling over things that don't concern us."

"What Margot does concerns me very considerably, mother," said Philip, determined to avow the engagement wit out any more delay.

"Surely!" answered his mother. "What a pity then, that you wasn't home to advise her against taking up with a raff like that Barry, who she's walked with for the last — why, a'most ever since you left. 'Twas in everybody's mouth; for, as Mrs. Vesey said, far better she'd tie a stone round her neck and jump into the sea than drag herself down with such a fellow as Barry."

"I'll never believe it!" exclaimed Philip,

breaking his favourite pipe in his excitement. "Tis an invention o' some o' them lying Redneap gossipers, who're always on the look-out to ruin a girl's character. Because they may have seen Barry philosophizing about there,—for I spied out his bearings long before I went away,—they've put it down at once as a settled job; but I know Margot better, mother. Why, I'd doubt my own self in such a matter as soon as I would her."

Mrs. Lee had been prepared to hear doubts and a certain amount of defence and argument from Philip, but she was quite unprepared for this excited display of a passion which betrayed itself in voice and manner more than in words. Was it possible that there was more between them than she had known of? If so, all the greater reason that his eyes should be opened, and it would therefore need all her woman's wariness and cunning to fan his jealousy and inflame his anger. This she would do without exhibiting her own dislike towards the girl, for experience had taught her that Philip was ever ready to screen Margot from blame, and to take her part against any one who expressed the smallest condemnation of her or her doings.

"I don't wonder at what you say, Philip," his mother began, seeming not to notice his emotion, "for at the first go off I didn't pay any heed to it neither. Margot is no favourite o' mine, and that I plainly own, but I've allays credited her as being a girl desirous o' keeping respectable company, and knowing I'm one as is set agin the French, I've not bin above asking myself if I didn't p'raps stickle overmuch at her furrin ways."

"And you *have* always bin dead against her, mother; from the first she couldn't say, nor do, nor look so as to please you at all."

Mrs. Lee checked her angry answer, and paused to draw a fresh supply of oil to pour upon the kindled fire.

"I ain't the first mother, Phil, who's thought nobody good enough for her boy, and perhaps a feeling did sometimes make me speak out more than I meant or felt in regard to Margot. There's some marriages by which you seem to have gained a daughter, and there's some make ye feel you've lost your son; but nobody can accuse me o' ever breathing a false word agin Margot, or of bringing a charge behind her back I wouldn't ha' made before her face. Since you've bin gone she's never bin the one to come anigh me, and if by chance I met her in the village, she'd

turn up or aside into any place rather than meet me."

"Was that her fault or yours, mother?" asked Philip; who, resting his hands on the high mantelshelf, leaned his head upon them and gazed moodily into the fire. "The last time I saw you together, you was so chuff and stand-off that it was no wonder she fought shy of coming here."

Mrs. Lee avoided replying directly to her son's question, but went on, "I may say that I've never but once been fairly faced by her, and then I own that p'raps I wasn't over cordial; for though, as I said before, she's no favourite o' mine, still I'm a mother, Phil, and I have a feeling for other mothers, and I thought what would ha' been the feelings o' hers—who, I've heerd from you, was a respectable, industrious woman—to see her child enter that room afore all the gentry and the village people with Dick Barry, whom many had their doubts if the rector should ha' asked at all."

"Margot went to Mr. Chenevix's with Barry?" almost groaned poor Philip. "It must ha' bin accidental, mother."

Mrs. Lee shook her head.

"People don't come together and go together unless they've fixed it all beforehand; besides which I heerd her say, if it hadn't been for Barry, she should never ha' got up Turncross. And then, when after all these fly-away airs she walks up to me sayin' something about, if Philip was there she supposed I should be quite happy—well, I answered rather short, and no wonder neither."

Philip was silent. He couldn't answer his mother; he could only keep asking himself if it was possible that Margot had forgotten and forsaken him. Had she, while he was away toiling and saving that they might be married whenever he returned, cast him off for the man of all others most odious to him, a man whom she knew that he disliked and despised? Impossible; but why then go to the rectory with him, where everybody would see and make their remarks about her, more especially his mother, whom he had begged her to conciliate as much as possible? Oh! it was unkind, cruel! And then his love began to plead for the offender, and suggest that his mother might be exaggerating. He would wait, and, if condemnation must be given, it should be given by her own lips, not on anybody's else's representation. If he could but go at once and see her,—but it was already late, and the distance to Shingle Cove was over two miles, go which way you might. How



should he manage? "I think I'll take a turn outside," he said suddenly; "I shan't be gone ten minutes;" and, without waiting for the remonstrance which he knew was certain to come, he stepped out, hoping to gain from the cool air relief and inspiration how best to act. He was still calculating in how short a time he could run down to the cottage, in the direction of which he stood gazing, when his reverie was broken by that disagreeable but accredited British mode of welcome—a hearty slap on the back—the perpetrator of which pleasantry wheeled in front of him, exclaiming, "What, Phil Lee! why who'd have thought it! Comè, tip us your flipper, mate. Why, you look more like a man who's got rid of the last shot in his locker than one just come back, as I hear you have, with your pockets full of shiners." Philip tried to put on a more cheerful expression as he took his friend's proffered hand, and laughingly replied, "I don't know much about the pocketful of shiners. Where did you hear that?"

"Why, at the best news-shop in the village—Craft's, to be sure."

"Oh! what, you still all meet there?"

"I should think so," said his companion. "Why I don't believe you'd find a house to equal Craft's—no, not in sailing round the globe. I never met with one; and wherever I go, I generally try 'em. They're such a one-and-all set of fellows there, ready to give and take a joke, and enjoy it, turn how it may—no cutting up rough nor moping with them; its 'Gai! gai! dessus le quai!'" And he roared out the refrain to one of Margot's songs at the top of his hoarse voice. In his present mood, the sound made Philip feel as if he could have strangled the man.

"Where did you get that?" he exclaimed snappishly.

"Where? why from your old flame, the pretty Margot. Ah! it's well you've come home, or you'd have found your flag hauled down, I can tell ye. Ha! ha! you should ha' seen Barry's chopfallen look, when young Nat Condy told him you was at Luton; all the fellows were at him; for he's been on dooty at the cottage pretty regular since you've bin away, and he didn't half like being told he'd have to sheer off now to the tune of 'Get up, Jack, let John sit down.'"

Philip's rage seemed to choke him, to the unbounded delight of Sam Collins, who chuckled over the account he should give at Craft's of the clever manner in which he had raised Philip Lee's dander, and made him so jealous.

Fortunately they had arrived just in front of his home, so that Philip could escape without being obliged to listen to any more of Collins's rollicking jocundity.

"I'm going in," he said gruffly. "Good-night."

"Oh! good night, old chap. I shall tell 'em at Craft's I've seen ye. Come now, look in some night and have a yarn with us. You know it's always 'Gai! gai! dessus le quai!'"

And he went off, laughing heartily at Philip's mode of receiving his invitation, which was to slam the door with such violence that his mother jumped off her chair, while all the pots and pans and household crockery joined in chorus with her exclamation of astonishment. Philip muttered something about the wind being so strong and that fool Collins, and then threw himself into a chair, and declared he thought he must turn in, for he felt too tired to speak.

Mrs. Lee did not attempt to dissuade him. She lit his candle, and told him he'd feel all the better for a night's rest; and, pretending not to notice his discomposure, the mother parted with her son for the night—thankful that she had thus put a stop to what she saw had gone further than she had any idea of; pitying her boy, from whom she would have taken and willingly borne every pain and sorrow, but nursing hatred towards the girl who could cause him a heartache for which his mother had no healing balsam.

And Philip? He tossed and turned, making his old bed creak and groan with his restlessness, as he wore out the long night with imaginary interviews, full of bitter reproaches and humiliating contrition, sharp words and timely penitence. Finally he sank to sleep, and dreamed that he was in the midst of a storm, whose fierce raging he heeded not, because he held Margot tight clasped in his arms, and all was forgiven and forgotten.

#### CHAPTER VII.

It was the day after Philip's return, and by three o'clock in the afternoon Margot had worked herself into a fever of excitement and expectation. What could be keeping him away? Something very important, she felt sure, for no doubt or suspicion of the truth ever crossed her mind. By a very early hour she had finished her house-work, dressed herself with more than her usual care, and taken up her position on a seat at some little distance from the cottage, where she sat waiting with nervous anxiety for her lover to make



his appearance. Never before had she pulled the twine of her netting into such inextricable knots, never had she felt such impatience in undoing them. At length her fingers made a sudden stop. She hears a step—sees a shadow—looks up—and Dick Barry is standing before her.

“Oh! is that you, Dick?” and if a hope still lingered in poor Dick’s breast, that look and tone of disappointment crushed and banished it altogether.

“That’s a sorry sort o’ welcome to get, Margot. But, there, I suppose I mustn’t expect much now *he’s* back,” he added bitterly.

Margot’s nerves were too much on the strain to permit of her taking anything coolly; besides she felt vexed and angry with Barry for not being Philip, and, woman-like, was inclined to vent her displeasure on the innocent object who had disappointed her.

“You may expect as much as you ever get from me,” she said in a sharp voice; “and I don’t know who you mean by *he*.”

“You know I mean Phil Lee, Margot. We never managed to put up our horses together yet, and I’m doubting if we shall get on better now. Leastways, I’m sure we shan’t if you don’t stick by me.”

“There, there, forgive me if I spoke sharp,” and Margot, already repentant, held out her hand to him. “I do feel very cross-tempered to-day,” and she gave a little sigh.

Dick divining the probable cause, said—

“I reckon Phil hasn’t got his business over, for nobody’s set eyes on him in the village. Have you seen him down here yet?”

Margot shook her head.

“Do you know if he came last night?” she asked.

“Yes, he came, ’cos I met one or two that saw him.”

Dick did not say that his principal informant was Sam Collins, and that, fearing from the broad hints thrown out by that worthy, he had been unduly riling Philip and casting false imputations on Dick’s visits to Margot, he had—certain of finding Philip at the cottage—started off with the intention of setting all square at once. As it was, he hardly knew what to do; he never intended letting Margot suspect that there had been any banter relative to her among the frequenters of the village ale-house; still he wanted to give her a hint, in case Philip should betray any jealousy; so he went on, after a pause—

“I had a little job to bring me this way; so I thought I’d just give a look in here, and say to Lee that you and grandfather had both took me by the hand, and helped me to get quit o’ some old chums who were rather too much for me; and—and that I hoped his coming home wouldn’t make any difference, and that we should all keep friendly, the same as we’ve bin since he’s bin away.”

“And Philip will be the first to say Yes,” exclaimed Margot. “I wonder what is keeping him. I made certain he would be down this morning, and now it is nearly four o’clock. Where can he be?”

Where? Why so close to Margot that he could jealously mark each look that flitted across her face, watch every movement of her lips as they framed the words which he strove vainly to hear.

It was thus with Philip. The whole morning he had been wondering what he should do, and how he should act. At one moment he would determine not to go near the cottage for days; he would let her see, that as she could do without him, he could do without her; then he was for seeking Barry, and having it out with him; at another time he would start up, feeling that to listen to the damning evidence of Margot’s faithlessness, which his mother kept quietly dropping, was more than he could bear; and finally, these narrations of Mrs. Lee so maddened him, that he determined to seek Margot and tax her with her heartlessness and infidelity. Filled with these bitter thoughts, he hurried down the rugged path, every jutting stone and sharp turn of which was familiar to him, and forced him to recall the times without number when he had hastened, joyful and light of heart, to meetings very different from the one he was now seeking. These happier memories gradually softened him, and growing tenderer by the time he gave the final jump, which brought him close to the back of the cottage, a great portion of his anger had vanished, and had given place to a soreness which instead of urging him to angry upbraidings, prompted him to take the dear transgressor in his arms, and ask her how she could treat him so, knowing as she did that all his heart and love and hope lay in her keeping?

As usual, the cottage door stood open, and, as usual, its occupants were not within to answer his summons. Well, that gave him neither annoyance nor surprise. Most likely round the rock, which gave its protecting shelter to that primitive abode, he should find old Dutton busily employed

in mending or painting somebody's boat, while Margot, seated on the edge, would be chattering away to him, her tongue running and her fingers flying as she made the coarse nets which her grandfather sold.

While Philip had been absent, his imagination had brightened many a dark night by recalling the pair, who formed the principal figures in a far more picturesque scene than even he realized. Familiarity had made him indifferent to the grand beauty of the place, its perilous rockiness and great patches of red sand which, beyond the small pebbled landing-place where the boats were hauled up, spread out for miles round. Often not a soul was to be seen but the old grey-headed fisherman, and by his side, in all the pride of her young beauty, his dark-eyed granddaughter, her well-devised costume setting off to the greatest advantage a figure which health and exercise had thoroughly developed. Philip's heart had considerably softened, as he turned the point round which he expected to see the two he sought; but in an instant every soft feeling vanished, for close by Margot stood Dick Barry. From his downcast face, he seemed to be receiving his dismissal—a dismissal his faithless siren cannot give without betraying, by the way she puts her hand into his, how much pain she suffers in returning to the man to whom prudence alone binds her. A rush of blind mad passion swept over Philip Lee, so that when, a few minutes after, stumbling, he fell on the grassy cliff-side he was mounting, he thanked God for turning his steps from, not towards the guilty pair who had wrecked his peace, and stranded him desolate and lonely for ever.

When Philip returned to his home, though he said nothing of what had passed, his sharp-sighted mother felt certain that he and Margot had met and parted, and with the inconsistency of love, though she had striven for, and rejoiced in anticipation over, this end, she hated more bitterly than before the woman who could cause such despair and agony as she detected under Philip's moody silence, abrupt movements, and fitful attempts at cheerful conversation. She almost wished she could find some excuse for putting off Annie Turle, whom in honour of his return, she had invited to tea, and with this thought she ventured to say—

"You ain't looking a bit yourself today, Phil; your face is as peaky and wished as can be, it's so contrary that the Turles should be coming. I've two

minds to step up to ask Annie to put it off till next week."

"Don't do anything o' the kind, mother," exclaimed Philip sharply. "I'm well enough. What nonsense you *do* talk!" For he felt any distraction would be a relief just then.

Mrs. Lee said no more, and in due time Annie arrived, and was graciously received by both mother and son. Her father, she said would not be able to come until the evening; so tea was taken, and Mrs. Lee, having cleared it away, sat down with a feeling of contented satisfaction that all was going on swimmingly. Philip talked and joked with Annie as he had never done before, causing the shy, silent girl to brighten, so that, as Mrs. Lee expressed it, "you wouldn't ha' named her for the same girl." But alas for those castles in the air, which are oftentimes so suddenly dispelled! Most unexpectedly up jumped Philip, feeling he should go mad if he stayed much longer, though he merely said he'd see how the night was looking, and have a smoke outside. Mrs. Lee did all in her power to make him sit still, smoke his pipe indoors, and be comfortable; but Philip only laughed as he looked round for his hat, and saying he shouldn't be long, closed the cottage door behind him.

Oh! what a relief it was to be in the open air, out in the dark night, under cover of which he could look as he liked, and give way to all the thoughts he had been striving for hours to battle against! He walked up the lane, and across to a rough stone boundary, whence—when the flying scud allowed the moon a chance of lighting up the darkness—he could see the waves which would roll in to the beach close to where dwelt the cause of all his misery. Leaning his arms on the parapet, he gazed abstractedly and hopelessly, until some one suddenly touched him and said softly, "Philip!"

It was Margot, who, unable to bear the suspense longer, had been lingering near the cottage for more than an hour with the hope of seeing or hearing something of him. She had said to herself that unless it had been impossible for Philip to run down and see her,—which she was certain was the case,—she should meet him very coolly, and not tell him of her joy that her prayers were answered, and that he was back safe. She followed him up the lane, and stealthily towards the cliff, intending to surprise him on his way to the cottage, to which she felt sure he was going.

But what makes him stop and droop his head so dejectedly? Can he be in trouble? Ah, Philip! and in an instant she is by his side, her heart overflowing with love, and the tender wish to share his every sorrow. Philip's whole frame vibrated at the soft touch and well-remembered voice. He knew that if he did not summon up all his strength and pride, he should take her in his arms, and, in spite of her falseness, her folly, her heartlessness, implore her still to be his. But he would master himself; and, turning so that he might rudely shake off her hand, he said, in as sneering a tone as he could command his trembling voice to assume —

"Yes, it's *me*; not your new fancy, Dick Barry."

"Dick Barry!" repeated the girl all amazed. "Philip, what on earth is it that you mean?"

And thereupon Philip gave way to the jealousy which was consuming him; he flung at her the most stinging accusations, the most bitter reproaches mingled with great bursts of a love which, in her roused anger, Margot declared she did not believe in, but that she gladly released him from a tie which they had both felt for a long time was a sore burden.

And so they parted — Philip standing dogged and sullen until Margot was out of sight and hearing, and then uttering the bitter cry, "Margot, Margot!" All the stinging reproaches and hard words he had uttered vanished, and were forgotten in presence of the terrible wounds she had inflicted. Had she shown one trace of sorrow, or given one denial, though all were true he could have forgiven her. But to meet him in the way she had done, she must be false and guilty, and glad, as she said, that at length they were parted for ever. And Philip flung himself, on the grass, asking how he should endure his life without her who had been its greatest joy and happiness.

And Margot? She returned to the little cottage with white face and tightened mouth. Quietly she got her grandfather's supper, and sat down on her accustomed stool gazing vacantly before her. From time to time the old man asked her some trivial question, to which she answered yes or no, until, unable to bear seeing her in trouble, he got up and put his arm round her, saying —

"What's gone amiss, lovey? 'Tain't nothing wrong with Phil ye've heerd?"

"No, only that he won't come here again. I met him, and he said things that were false and untrue. He said — but it is of

no consequence — we have parted now altogether."

"No, no!" exclaimed the old man, shaking his head. "Don't 'ee say so, dearie; don't 'ee say so. You've only parted company for a time, like most crafts do sooner or later; but you'll come to one anchorage yet, spite o' that old vinegar-faced mother o' his, who's at the bottom o' it all, I'll warrant, a-wanting him to take up with Shifty Turle's maid."

"Where have you heard that?" asked Margot sharply.

"Why, one place and t'other, for ever so long. But never fear, lovey, Phil ain't the one to go backing out o' what he knows we've long set our hearts upon. Many's the promise he's gived to me that, come what might, you should be his wife, and not be cast adrift when I'm dead and gone, like a ship without a rudder, for such I hold a woman is, without a purtector."

Then it was pity which had bound Philip to her. That was all he had to give in exchange for her love, and through the night long her bitterest cry was, "Philip, why did you not tell me? I could have borne it then, but now I have given you all my heart, and I can never take it back again."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE summer months passed away, during which Mrs. Lee saw but little of her son, who pretended that it was impossible for him to run home as frequently as he had formerly done. He had again taken command of the *Bluebell*, and was actively engaged in bringing fruit, eggs, fish, or whatever was saleable, from the French ports to Luton. Constantly did he regret his inability to throw up his vessel and her trade, and start off for the uttermost parts of the globe, in the vain hope that distance might prove efficacious in curing the hopeless passion which was still a barrier to either peace or contentment. But he could not leave his mother; now that she was getting old and dependent, it was his duty to try and make some return for all the sacrifices she had formerly made for him; besides which she had complained lately, in a way unusual to one who never complained, of feeling weak and poorly, and she certainly looked worried and anxious.

The truth was, that though Mrs. Lee's schemes had up to this point succeeded beyond her expectations, the completion of them seemed to be as distant as ever. When Philip came home he always appeared glad to see Annie, whom he called

a good girl. Often he would suggest, that his mother should divide with her some of the good things with which he came laden from Luton — dainties which, he used to tell himself, stuck in his own throat, because of her before whom he longed to place the finest and freshest of them. He was most kind and brotherly; but there his attentions came to an end, for neither by word nor look could Annie ever reason herself into the belief that Philip meant anything towards her; and it required all Mrs. Lee's efforts to keep alive the fast-dying-out hope that, notwithstanding he had broken with Margot, he had no intention of supplying her place with another.

"Nonsense, child," Mrs. Lee would say. "If so be he is still hankering after her, why don't he go there? I'm sure there's nought to hinder him, in a place where every man's free to come and go; but, to my certain knowledge, he's never been a-nigh the place."

How is it that people with the love of rule in them so often become over-confident? Mrs. Lee felt perfectly satisfied that her son's feelings, and movements were as an open book to her, and that she held the key to his character. And often would she complacently announce that her Philip was as open as the day, that he never hid nothing, and that what he said he meant, and so on. She would not have given credit to any one who had told her, that many a night, when she believed him safely on board the *Bluebell*, he had stolen into Redneap, and hiding behind the rocks, or skulking round the boats, had sought to get a glimpse of the face his eyes seemed hungering to look upon. Ah! how wearily and bitterly he generally retraced his steps; for, with the usual unpropitious fate of luckless lovers, he always went on an evening when Margot was away, or when some of the old man's chums had strolled round the point to have a gossip with them, and Philip now couldn't speak in the presence of strangers.

Poor Margot, too, was equally unfortunate; for twice out of the few occasions on which she had met Philip he had been with Annie Turle, and once she herself was walking with Dick Barry, whom she had only met five minutes before.

Mrs. Lee never mentioned Margot's name now. One evening she had begun talking about her to Annie Turle in Philip's presence, when Annie with the intuition of love, tried to soften the old woman's harsh accusations, gaining golden opinions from the man whose love she coveted, by

the kind things she said of her rival, and the admiration she expressed for her beauty. After Annie left, Philip spoke to his mother very gravely; and though Mrs. Lee deeply resented her son's first attempt to lay any "embargo on her speech," from that time she gave up making Margot the subject of her uncharitable comments — at least, when he was present.

Latterly, a new worry had arisen to torment the anxious mother, and this was the marked attention paid to Annie by Mr. Nathaniel Horan, the popular preacher. He had met Annie at a chapel-tea, and had spent a Sunday at the Turles', when he had preached a sermon for the missionary fund, and ever afterwards the young preacher had made constant excuses for coming to Redneap. Mr. Vesey too, with a sly look at Annie, had said that he had never any difficulty in getting Mr. Horan to take his pulpit. Finally, though Annie herself never gave him a serious thought, she was not averse to showing Philip and his mother that it wasn't for want of a chance that she was not married; although, as she reflected, she'd rather be an old maid all the days of her life, than tie herself down that way. "I've had enough o' chapel ways," she thought. "I always want to do what's right; but when I'm married, I mean to be independent, and not forced to act only as Mrs. Vesey or Mrs. Davis thinks fit. I'm sure I'm afraid to open my lips before them; they two make a body's life a complete burden. And Mrs. Lee'd be every bit as bad, if she didn't want me for Philip; though things'll take a turn, I can tell her, if ever I do get him."

Philip's pride forbade him making inquiries about Margot in the village, and even had it not, he would have learned but little of her; for Mrs. Lee's friends, like herself, were far too respectable not to be prejudiced against a girl who could live contentedly in that outlandish sort of boat-house place, and who might be found by the side of her old grandfather with her shoes and stockings off, and her legs bare, doing the work of a man. Poor child! her detractors never considered what a hard matter it had been for her to get these decent coverings, which were carefully kept to put on when she went to the village, knowing that Philip would not like to see her otherwise.

The people who could have told most about Margot were those stigmatized as "a good-for-nothing, idle lot," into whose dwelling the village Pharisees entered not, only commenting on the frequent attacks of

fever and other complaints their ill-drained and ill-ventilated dwellings brought upon them by saying, "It served 'em right; 'twas a judgment on 'em. There was always something the matter with such folks." It was to these poor cottages, lying thick and close to the water's edge, that Margot often came as a ray of light. The inmates all knew that she was as poor as themselves; and when she did bring a little of the vegetable soup on which she and her grandfather principally lived, it was saved from the share which at most times was somewhat scanty for her own healthy appetite. Gifts, therefore, she could not bring; but she could bring her willing heart and strong hands to wash and dress the children, scrub out the room, and make many a neglected sufferer clean and comfortable. Was it any wonder, therefore, that wherever these met her she had welcome nods, outstretched hands, and familiar greetings, causing those who stood apart to think of, or sneeringly mention the proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together?"

During this past autumn, — a season when fever was always more rife among them, — Margot had done more than ever she had done before. It seemed a sort of relief to work, none to sit still. Therefore, after toiling hard all day, she would take the little patched-up tub they called a boat, and row herself round to Cockle Cove, generally finding something upon which to bestow a portion of her restless energy. Unknown to herself, the shadow which had fallen on her life had greatly chastened the girl's naturally generous and impulsive character. She was tenderer than ever to her old grandfather, humouring him until he would cry out pettishly —

"You won't argify with me anyways, Margot. I want to see ye flare up as ye used to do; but you're changed completely. 'Tis all along 'o Phil, I know that; and if you'd only let me seek him out, lovey, I'll warrant I'll make all square in a brace o' shakes."

But to this she would not listen. "Twas grandfather led him on," she thought. "First his promise to poor mother, and then grandfather all but asking him to marry me. He knew not how to act, perhaps."

From various circumstances, too, the report was very general that Philip was keeping company with Annie Turle. Mrs. Lee hadn't denied it; old Turle had turned it off by saying there was more unlikely birds than that flying; and, as a climax,

Philip and Annie had been seen walking, and coming into chapel together.

On the strength, therefore, of this evidence, Dick Barry — now established as a steady workman, if not an entirely reformed character — made up his mind once more to try his fate, and speak to Margot on the subject which still lay nearest to his heart. But he was not allowed to proceed very far before Margot stopped him, bidding him say no more; as, if they were to remain friends, he had better remember that with her nothing was changed since the last time they had spoken on this subject.

"I only thought," Dick stammered out, "that, as Phil seems to have taken up with somebody else, in time, you know, Margot, you might —"

But Margot shook her head.

"If Philip feels he can marry Annie Turle," she said, "I shall be the last to blame him. But as for me, until my heart changes, I shall be as I am, all my life." And when, after renewed promises of continued friendship, poor Dick very dejectedly took his leave, Margot hid her face in her hands, and tried, while the tears fell from her eyes like rain, to pray that Philip might be happy. Trouble had weighed rather heavily on Margot lately; for, in addition to her own heart-sorrow, her grandfather had been, from the time the colder weather set in, laid up with one of his attacks, and she looked forward therefore with dismay to the long winter which was before them. At Redneap November had been a month of continuous rain, auguring, according to the weather-wise, a dry Christmas. It wanted now barely a week to Christmas-day; and as Margot looked around her, she sighed, thinking it was very hard not to feel happy when everything seemed clothed with beauty and gladness.

The early afternoon sun of a winter day was shining with all its cheerful brightness, touching up and lingering about the old black cliffs, while little wavelets danced and rippled on the soft red sand, making a pleasant plashing sound that murmured soothingly to the girl's wounded spirit. Naturally her thoughts turned to the happy days of her love. How thoughtful, how tender, had Philip been to her! — never unkind, never unforgiving, but ever ready to make up the quarrels, which were always of her seeking. When first she came to Redneap a lonely child without a friend save himself, ah! what had he not been to her then? Yes, until that last sad parting,



and once or twice when he was jealous of her, and feared that she cared for somebody else who had paid her attention, Philip had never breathed a harsh word to her. What could have made him so unjust? And then she went over the interview, recalling her own angry words and bitter speeches (oh! they had never seemed so bad before! how could she say such things!) until she thought it was no wonder he was provoked. No doubt, but had she said this all would have been different. True, it was wrong, very wrong of him to suspect her, but then had not Philip often said he couldn't help being jealous? it was because he loved her so dearly. She could see now that it was almost entirely the fault of her own wicked, proud temper — she should have spoken and acted differently to him, and he would soon have seen that all he was saying was false. Now she could have gone down on her knees before him and asked forgiveness, — only this about Annie Turle? Was it true? — somehow she did not believe it; but suppose it should be so? And after a few minutes' further reverie she suddenly jumped up, with the determination that whatever might be the result, she would seek out Philip and have a reconciliation. If they could be nothing to one another, at least they need not be enemies; and as, in her eagerness, she ran along the sands to the object of her first inquiries, notwithstanding her arguments to the contrary, hope was strong within her that all would yet turn out well.

The person from whom Margot thought it most likely she should obtain her information, was an old man known as Uncle Ben, who, while pursuing his occupation as seller of the fish he himself caught, and those which the few fishermen around Redneap entrusted to him contrived to become acquainted with all that took place in the various houses he visited. Margot found him seated before an upturned boat, busily employed in patching it and putting it into order.

"Uncle Ben," she began without further introduction, "do you know if the *Bluebell* is expected here, and whether she's at Luton, or where she is?"

Uncle Ben paused in his work, stood as upright as a long life spent between low decks would permit him, pushed up his old cap, and meditatively repeated —

"The *Bluebell*?"

"Yes, yes," cried the girl impatiently; "you know Philip Lee's boat?"

"Philip Lee's boat?" echoed the old man in the same low tone. "I should

think I ought'er my beauty, when I know'd Phil Lee's father when his face was as smooth as yer own purty one is."

"Ah! Uncle Ben," exclaimed Margot, with a petulant shrug of her shoulders, "never mind telling me about his father, but say if you know when Philip will have returned, and if you cannot, say what is the best way for me to find out."

"Oh! as to finding out," replied Uncle Ben, "just you leave that to me; I've only to ax the old woman, which, as I don't know rightly myself, would be the shortest way."

This being the point Margot desired to gain, she readily agreed with him, getting a further promise that he would pay Mrs. Lee an early visit the next morning, when he would be sure not to let out to that sharp-sighted matron, by look or sign, that the inquiry did not proceed wholly from himself.

"You know," added the girl, twisting the corner of her woollen apron into a hard ball, "we have not been quite friends of late, and I want to see Philip without his mother, or anybody else, knowing anything about it. Do you understand, Uncle Ben?" and she lifted up her sweet face all aglow with rosy confusion.

The old man looked at her for a minute or so, and then with a comical expression he said, meditatively —

"Sweethearting's a rum game nowadays. There's you a-mopin' and frettin', — for I've seed ye when you've thought nobody was nigh, — and there's Phil Lee skulking about, as if he was ashore on the new act, tryin' to get a glimpse o' ye, and then when ye hove in sight scuttling off like a rabbit. I —" but Margot had caught him by the arm.

"Uncle Ben," she cried; "how? tell me what you mean; where have you seen Philip?"

"Why, peepin' into the window, and behind Flatpole rock — not once, Lord love ye, but a dozen times. What, at it again! bless the maid, you're as leaky as my old boat. Why I niver did —"

"Nor I either," laughed Margot in the midst of her tears; "for I am crying because I am so happy now. Oh, Uncle Ben! but you are a dear old man!"

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PROFESSORS E. CURTIUS, Strack, and Adler, have arrived in Smyrna on an archaeological mission, having for its main object the investigation of the ruins of Garpdis and its neighbourhood.

From The Contemporary Review.  
ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYTHOLOGY.

BY MAX MULLER.

WHAT can be in our days the interest of mythology? What is it to us that Kronos was the son of Uranos and Gaia, and that he swallowed his children, Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Pluton, and Poseidon, as soon as they were born? What have we to do with the stories of Rhea, the wife of Uranos, who, in order to save her youngest son from being swallowed by his father, gave her husband a stone to swallow instead? And why should we be asked to admire the exploits of this youngest son, who when he had grown up, made his father drink a draught, and thus helped to deliver the stone and his five brothers and sisters from their paternal prison? What shall we think if we read in the most admired of classic poets that these escaped prisoners became afterwards the great gods of Greece, gods believed in by Homer, worshipped by Sokrates, immortalized by Phidias? Why should we listen to such horrors as that Tantalos killed his own son, boiled him, and placed him before the gods to eat? or that the gods collected his limbs, threw them into a caldron, and thus restored Pelops to life, *minus*, however, his shoulder, which Demeter had eaten in a fit of absence, and which had therefore to be replaced by a shoulder made of ivory?

Can we imagine anything more silly, more savage, more senseless, anything more unworthy to engage our thoughts, even for a single moment? We may pity our children that, in order to know how to construe and understand the master-works of Homer and Virgil, they have to fill their memory with such idle tales; but we might justly suppose that men who have serious work to do in this world, would banish such subjects for ever from their thoughts.

And yet, how strange, from the very childhood of philosophy, from the first faintly-whispered Why? to our own time of matured thought and fearless inquiry, mythology has been the ever-recurrent subject of anxious wonder and careful study. The ancient philosophers, who could pass by the petrified shells on mountain-tops and the fossil trees buried in their quarries, without ever asking the question how they came to be there, or what they signified, were ever ready with doubts and surmises when they came to listen to ancient stories of their gods and heroes. And, more curious still, even

modern philosophers cannot resist the attraction of these ancient problems. That stream of philosophic thought which, springing from Descartes (1596-1650), rolled on through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in two beds—the *idealistic*, marked by the names of Malebranche (1638-1715), Spinoza (1632-1677), and Leibnitz (1648-1716); and the *sensualistic*, marked by the names of Locke (1632-1704), David Hume (1711-1776), and Condillac (1715-1780), till the two arms united again in Kant (1724-1804), and the full stream was carried on by Schelling (1775-1854), and Hegel (1770-1831),—this stream of modern philosophic thought has ended where ancient philosophy began—in a Philosophy of Mythology, which, as you know, forms the most important part of Schelling's final system, of what he called himself his *Positive Philosophy*, given to the world after the death of that great thinker and poet in the year 1854.

I do not mean to say that Schelling and Aristotle looked upon mythology in the same light, or that they found in it exactly the same problems; yet there is this common feature in all who have thought or written on mythology, that they look upon it as something which, whatever it may mean, does certainly not mean what it seems to mean; as something that requires an explanation, whether it be a system of religion, or a phase in the development of the human mind, or an inevitable catastrophe in the life of language. According to some, mythology is history changed into fable; according to others, fable changed into history. Some discover in it the precepts of moral philosophy enunciated in the poetical language of antiquity; others see in it a picture of the great forms and forces of nature, particularly the sun, the moon, and the stars, the changes of day and night, the succession of the seasons, the return of the years—all this reflected by the vivid imagination of ancient poets and sages. Epicharmos, for instance, the pupil of Pythagoras, declared that the gods of Greece were not what, from the poems of Homer, we might suppose them to be—personal beings, endowed with superhuman powers, though liable to many of the passions and frailties of human nature. He maintained that these gods were really the Wind, the Water, the Earth, the Sun, the Fire, and the Stars. Not long after his time another philosopher, Empedokles, holding that the whole of nature consisted of a mixture and separation of the four elements, declared

that Zeus was the element of Fire. Here the element of Air, Aidoneus or Pluton, the element of Earth, and Nestis the element of Water. In fact, whatever the freethinkers of Greece discovered successively as the first principles of Being and Thought, whether the air of Anaximenes, or the fire of Herakleitos, or the Nous or Mind of Anaxagoras, was readily identified with Zeus and the other divine persons of Olympian mythology. Metrodoros, the contemporary of Anaxagoras, went even further. While Anaxagoras would have been satisfied with looking upon Zeus as but another name of his Nous, the highest intellect, the mover, the disposer, the governor of all things, Metrodoros resolved not only the persons of Zeus, Here, and Athene, but likewise those of human kings and heroes — such as Agamemnon, Achilles, and Hektor — into various combinations and physical agencies, and treated the adventures ascribed to them as natural facts, hidden under a thin veil of allegory.

Sokrates, as is well known, looked upon such attempts at explaining all fables allegorically as too arduous and unprofitable; yet he, too, as well as Plato, pointed frequently to what they called the *hypónoia*, the under-current, if I may say so, or the under-meaning of ancient mythology.

Aristotle speaks more explicitly:—

“It has been handed down,” he says, “by early and very ancient people, and left to those who came after, in the form of myths, that these (the first principles of the world) are the gods, and that the divine embraces the whole of nature. The rest has been added mythically, in order to persuade the many, and in order to be used in support of laws and other interests. Thus they say that the gods have a human form, and that they are like to some of the other living beings, and other things consequent on this, and similar to what has been said. If one separated out of these fables, and took only that first point, viz., that they believed the first essences to be gods, one would think that it had been divinely said, and that while every art and every philosophy was probably invented ever so many times and lost again, these opinions had, like fragments of them, been preserved until now. So far only is the opinion of our fathers, and that received from our first ancestors, clear to us.”

I have quoted the opinions of these Greek philosophers, to which many more might have been added, partly in order to show how many of the most distinguished minds of ancient Greece agreed in demanding an interpretation, whether physical or metaphysical, of Greek mythology, partly in order to satisfy those classical scholars, who, forgetful of their own classics,

forgetful of their own Plato and Aristotle, seem to imagine that the idea of seeing in the gods and heroes of Greece anything beyond what they appear to be in the songs of Homer, was a mere fancy and invention of the students of Comparative Mythology.

There were, no doubt, Greeks, and eminent Greeks too, who took the legends of their gods and heroes in their literal sense. But what do these say of Homer and Hesiod? Xenophanes, the contemporary of Pythagoras, holds Homer and Hesiod responsible for the popular superstitious of Greece. In this he agrees with Herodotus, when he declares that these two poets made the theogony for the Greeks, and gave to the gods their names, and assigned to them their honours and their arts, and described their appearances. But he then continues in a very different strain from the pious historian. “Homer,” he says, “and Hesiod ascribed to the gods whatever is disgraceful and scandalous among men, yea, they declared that the gods had committed nearly all unlawful acts, such as theft, adultery, and fraud.” “Men seem to have created their gods, and to have given to them their own mind, voice, and figure. The Ethiopians made their gods black and flat-nosed; the Thracians red-haired and blue-eyed; just as oxen or lions, if they could but draw, would draw their gods like oxen and lions.” This was spoken about 500 B.C. Herakleitos, about 460 B.C., one of the boldest thinkers of ancient Greece, declared that Homer deserved to be ejected from public assemblies and flogged; and a story is told that Pythagoras (about 540 B.C.) saw the soul of Homer in Hades, hanging on a tree and surrounded by serpents, as a punishment for what he had said of the gods. And what can be stronger than the condemnation passed on Homer by Plato? I shall read an extract from the “Republic,” from the excellent translation lately published by Professor Jowett:—

“‘But what fault do you find with Homer and Hesiod, and the other great story-tellers of mankind?’

“‘A fault which is most serious,’ I said: ‘the fault of telling a lie, and a bad lie.’

“‘But when is this fault committed?’

“‘Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes — like the drawing of a limner which has not the shadow of a likeness to the truth.’

“‘Yes,’ he said, ‘that sort of thing is certainly very blameable; but what are the stories which you mean?’

"First of all," I said, "there was that greatest of all lies in high places, which the poet told about Uranos, and which was an immoral lie too — I mean what Hesiod says that Uranos did, and what Kronos did to him. The fact is that the doings of Kronos, and the sufferings which his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought not to be lightly told to young and simple persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a very few might hear them in a mystery, and then let them sacrifice not a common (Eleusinian) pig, but some huge and unprocurable victim; this would have the effect of very greatly reducing the number of the hearers."

"Why, yes," said he, "these stories are certainly objectionable."

"Yes, Adeimantos, they are stories not to be narrated in our State; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous, and that he may chastise his father when he does wrong in any manner that he likes, and in this will only be following the example of the first and greatest of the gods."

"I quite agree with you," he said; "in my opinion those stories are not fit to be repeated."

"Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarrelling as dishonourable, should anything be said of the wars in heaven, and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, which are quite untrue. Far be it from us to tell them of the battles of the giants, and embroider them on garments; or of all the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relations. If they would only believe us, we would tell them that quarrelling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and old women should begin by telling children, and the same when they grow up. And these are the sort of fictions which the poet should be required to compose. But the narrative of Hephaestus binding Here his mother, or how on another occasion Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten — such tales must not be admitted into our State, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or not. For the young man cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal, and anything that he receives into his mind at that age is apt to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore the tales which they first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts."

To those who look upon mythology as an ancient form of religion, such freedom of language as is here used by Xenophanes and Plato, must seem startling. If the Iliad were really the Bible of the Greeks, as it has not unfrequently been called, such violent invectives would have been impossible. For let us bear in mind that Xenophanes, though he boldly denied the

existence of all the mythological deities, and declared his belief in One God, neither in form nor in thought like unto mortals, was not therefore considered a heretic. He never suffered for uttering his honest convictions: on the contrary, as far as we know, he was honoured by the people among whom he lived and taught. Nor was Plato ever punished on account of his unbelief, and though he, as well as his master, Sokrates, became obnoxious to the dominant party at Athens, this was due to political far more than to theological motives. At all events, Plato, the pupil, the friend, the apologist of Sokrates, was allowed to teach at Athens to the end of his life, and few men commanded greater respect in all ranks of Greek society. But, although mythology was not religion in our sense of the word, and although the Iliad certainly never enjoyed among Greeks the authority either of the Bible, or even of the Veda among the Brahmans, or the Zend Avesta among the Parsis, yet I would not deny altogether that in a certain sense the mythology of the Greeks belonged to their religion. We must only be on our guard, here as everywhere else, against the misleading influence of words. The word Religion has, like most words, had its history; it has grown and changed with each century, and it cannot therefore have meant with the Greeks and Brahmans what it means with us. Religions have sometimes been divided into *national* or *traditional*, as distinguished from *individual* or *statutable* religion. The former are, like languages, home-grown, autochthonic, without an historical beginning, generally without any recognized founder, or even an authorized code; the latter have been founded by historical persons, generally in antagonism to traditional systems, and they always rest on the authority of a written code. I do not consider this division as very useful for a scientific study of religion, because in many cases it is extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible, to draw a sharp line of demarcation, and to determine whether a given religion may be considered as the work of one man, or as the combined work of those who came before him, who lived with him, nay, even of those who came after him. For our present purpose, however, for showing at once the salient difference between what the Greeks and what we ourselves should mean by Religion, this division is very serviceable. The Greek religion was clearly a national and traditional religion, and, as such, it shared both the advantages and disadvantages of this form

of religious belief; the Christian religion is an historical, and to a great extent, an individual religion, and it possesses the advantage of an authorized code and of a settled system of faith. Let it not be supposed, however, that between traditional and individual religions the advantages are all on one, the disadvantages on the other side. As long as the ancient immemorial religions of the different branches of the human race remained in their natural state, and were not pressed into the service of political parties or an ambitious priesthood, they allowed great freedom of thought and a healthy growth of real piety, and they were seldom disgraced by an intolerant or persecuting spirit. They were generally either honestly believed, or as we have just seen, honestly attacked, and a high tone of intellectual morality was preserved untainted by hypocrisy, equivocation, or unreasoning dogmatism. The marvellous development of philosophy in Greece, particularly in ancient Greece, was chiefly due, I believe, to the absence of an established religion and an influential priesthood; and it is impossible to overrate the blessing which the fresh, pure, invigorating, and elevating air of that ancient Greek philosophy has conferred on all ages, not excepting our own. I shudder at the thought of what the world would have been without Plato and Aristotle, and I tremble at the idea that the youth of the future should ever be deprived of the teaching and the example of these true prophets of the absolute freedom of thought. Unfortunately we know but little of the earliest fathers of Greek philosophy; we have but fragments, and those not always trustworthy, not easily intelligible, of what they taught on the highest questions that can stir the heart of man. We have been accustomed to call the oracular sayings of men like Thales, Pythagoras, Xenophanes, or Herakleitos, philosophy, but there was in them as much of religion as in the songs of Homer and Hesiod. Homer and Hesiod were great powers, but their poems were not the only feeders of the religious life of Greece. The stream of ancient wisdom and philosophy flowed parallel with the stream of legend and poetry; and both were meant to support the religious cravings of the soul. We have only to attend without prejudice to the utterances of these ancient prophets, such as Xenophanes and Herakleitos, in order to convince ourselves that these men spoke with authority to the people, that they considered themselves the equals of Homer and

Hesiod, nay, their betters, and in no way fettered by the popular legends about gods and goddesses. While modern religions assume in general a hostile attitude towards philosophy, ancient religions have either included philosophy as an integral part, or they have at least tolerated its growth in the very precincts of their temples.

After we have thus seen what limitations we must place on the meaning of the word religion, if we call mythology the religion of the ancient world, we may now advance another step.

We have glanced at the principal interpretations which have been proposed by the ancients themselves of the original purpose and meaning of mythology. But there is one question which none, either of the ancient or of the modern interpreters of mythology, has answered, or even asked and on which, nevertheless, the whole problem of mythology seems to turn. If mythology is history changed into fable, why was it so changed? If it is fable represented as history, why were such fables invented? If it contains precepts of moral philosophy, whence their immoral disguise? If it is a picture of the great forms and forces of nature, the same question still returns, why were these forms and forces represented as heroes and heroines, as nymphs and shepherds, as gods and goddesses? It is easy enough to call the sun a god, or the dawn a goddess, after these predicates have once been framed. But how were these predicates formed? How did people come to know of gods and goddesses, heroes and nymphs, and what meaning did they originally connect with these terms? In fact, the real question which a philosophy of mythology has to answer is this. Is the whole of mythology an invention, the fanciful poetry of a Homer or Hesiod or is it a growth? Or to speak more definitely, Was mythology a mere accident, or was it inevitable? Was it only a false step, or was it a step that could not have been left out in the historical progress of the human mind?

The study of the history of language, which is only a part of the study of the history of thought, has enabled us to give a decisive answer to this question. Mythology is inevitable, it is natural, it is an inherent necessity of language, if we recognize in language the outward form and manifestation of thought: it is in fact the dark shadow which language throws on thought, and which can never disappear till language becomes altogether commensurate with thought, which it never will.



Mythology, no doubt, breaks out more fiercely during the early periods of the history of human thought than at any other time, but it never disappears altogether. Depend upon it, there is mythology now as there was in the time of Homer, only we do not perceive it, because we ourselves live in the very shadow of it, and because we all shrink from the full meridian light of truth. We are ready enough to see that if the ancients called their kings and heroes *Δωγεῖς*, sprung of Zeus, that expression, intended originally to convey the highest praise which man can bestow on man, was apt to lapse into mythology. We easily perceive how such a conception, compatible in its origin with the highest reverence for the gods, led almost inevitably to the growth of fables, which transferred to divine beings the incidents of human paternity and sonship. But we are not so ready to see that it is our fate, too, to move in allegories which illustrate things intellectual by visions exhibited to the fancy. In our religion, too, the conceptions of paternity and sonship have not always been free from all that is human, nor are we always aware that nearly every note that belongs to human paternity and sonship must be taken out of these terms, before they can be pronounced safe against mythological infection. Papal decisions on immaculate conception are of no avail against that mythology. The mind must become immaculate to rise superior to itself: or it must close its eyes and shut its lips in the presence of the Divine.

If then we want to understand mythology, in the ordinary and restricted sense of the word, we must discover the larger circle of mental phenomena to which it belongs. Greek mythology is but a small segment of mythology; the religious mythologies of all the races of mankind are again but a small segment of mythology. Mythology, in the highest sense, is the power exercised by language on thought in every possible sphere of mental activity, and I do not hesitate to call the whole history of philosophy, from Thales down to Hegel, an uninterrupted battle against mythology, a constant protest of thought against language. This will require some explanation.

Ever since the time of Wilhelm von Humboldt, all who have seriously grappled with the highest problems of the Science of Language, have come to the conviction that thought and language are inseparable, that language is as impossible without thought as thought is without language;

that they stand to each other like soul and body, like power and function, like substance and form. The objections which have been raised against this view arise generally from a mere misunderstanding. If we speak of language as the outward realization of thought, we do not mean language as deposited in a dictionary, or sketched in a grammar, we mean language as an act, language as being spoken, language as living and dying with every word that is uttered. We might perhaps call this speech, as distinguished from language.

Secondly, though if we speak of language, we mean chiefly phonetic articulate language, we do not exclude the less perfect symbols of thought, such as gestures, signs, or pictures. They, too, are language in a certain sense, and they must be included in language before we are justified in saying that discursive thought can be realized in language only. One instance will make this clear. We hold that we cannot think without language. But can we not count without language? We certainly can. We can form the conception of *three* without any spoken word, by simply holding up three fingers. In the same manner, the hand might stand for five, both hands for ten, hands and feet for twenty. This is how people who possessed no organs of speech would speak; this is how the deaf and dumb *do* speak. Three fingers are as good as three strokes, three strokes are as good as three clicks of the tongue, three clicks of the tongue are as good as the sound *three*, or *trois*, or *drei*, or *shalosh* in Hebrew, or *san* in Chinese. All these are signs, more or less perfect, but being signs, they fall under the category of language; and all we maintain is, that without some kind of sign, discursive thought is impossible, and that in that sense, language, or *λόγος* is the only possible realization of human thought.

Another very common misunderstanding is this: people imagine that, if it be impossible to think, except in language, language and thought must be one and the same thing. But a true philosophy of language leads to the very opposite result. Every philosopher would say that substance cannot exist without form, nor form without substance, but no philosopher would say that therefore it is impossible to distinguish between form and substance. In the same way, though we maintain that thought cannot exist without language nor language without thought, we do distinguish between thought and language, between the inward and the outward *λόγος*, between

the substance and the form. Nay, we go a step beyond. We admit that language reacts on thought, and we see in this reaction, in this refraction of the rays of language, the real solution of the old riddle of mythology.

You will now see why these somewhat abstruse disquisitions were necessary for our more immediate purpose, and I can promise those who have hitherto followed me on this rather barren and rugged track, that they will now be able to rest, and command, from the point of view which we have reached, the whole panorama of the mythology of the human mind.

We saw just now that the names of numbers may most easily be replaced by signs. Numbers are simple analytical conceptions, and for that very reason they are not liable to mythology: name and conception being here commensurate, no misunderstanding is possible. But as soon as we leave this department of thought, mythology begins. I shall try by at least one example to show how mythology pervades, not only the sphere of religion or religious tradition, but infects more or less the whole realm of thought.

When man wished for the first time to grasp and express a distinction between the body, and something else within him distinct from the body, an easy name that suggested itself was *breath*. The breath seemed something immaterial and almost invisible, and it was clearly connected with the life that pervaded the body, for as soon as the breath ceased, the life of the body became extinct. Hence the Greek name  $\psi\chi\eta$  which originally meant breath, was chosen to express at first the principle of life, as distinguished from the decaying body, afterwards the incorporeal, the immaterial, the undecaying, the immortal part of man — his soul, his mind, his Self. All this was very natural. When a person dies, we too say that he has given up the ghost, and ghost, too, meant originally spirit, and spirit meant breath.

The Greeks expressed the same idea by saying that the  $\psi\chi\eta$  had left the body, had fled through the mouth, or even through a bleeding wound, and had gone into Hades, which meant literally no more than the place of the Invisible (*Αἰδης*). That the breath had become invisible, was matter of fact; that it had gone to the house of Hades, was mythology springing spontaneously from the fertile soil of language.

The primitive mythology was by no means necessarily religious. In the very case which we have chosen, philosophical mythology sprang up by the side of reli-

gious mythology. The religious mythology consisted in speaking of the spirits of the departed as ghosts, as mere breath and air, as fluttering about the gates of Hades, or ferried across the Styx in the boat of Charon.

The philosophical mythology, however, that sprang from this name was much more important. We saw that *Psyche*, meaning originally the breathing of the body, was gradually used in the sense of vital breath, and as something independent of the body; and that at last, when it had assumed the meaning of the immortal part of man, it retained that character of something independent of the body, thus giving rise to the conception of a soul, not only as a being without a body, but in its very nature opposed to body. As soon as that opposition had been established in language and thought, philosophy began its work in order to explain how two such heterogeneous powers could act on each other — how the soul could influence the body, and how the body could determine the soul. Spiritualistic and materialistic systems of philosophy arose, and all this in order to remove a self-created difficulty, in order to join together again what language had severed, the living body and the living soul. The question whether there is a soul or spirit, whether there is in man something different from the mere body, is not at all affected by this mythological phraseology. We certainly can distinguish between body and soul, but as long as we keep within the limits of human knowledge, we have no right to speak of the living soul as of a breath, or to speak of spirits and ghosts as fluttering about like birds or fairies. The poet of the nineteenth century says; —

“The spirit does but mean the breath,  
I know no more.”

And the same thought was expressed by Cicero two thousand years ago: “Whether the soul is air or fire, I do not know.” As men, we only know of embodied spirits, however ethereal their bodies may be conceived to be, but of spirits, separate from body, without form or frame, we know as little as we know of thought without language, or of the Eawn as a Goddess, or of the Night as the mother of the Day.

Though breath, or spirit, or ghost are the most common names that were assigned through the metaphorical nature of language to the vital, and afterwards to the intellectual, principle in man, they were by no means the only possible names. We speak, for instance, of the *shades* of the

departed, which meant originally their shadows. Those who first introduced this expression—and we find it in the most distant parts of the world—evidently took the shadow as the nearest approach to what they wished to express; something that should be incorporeal, yet closely connected with the body. The Greek *eidōlon*, too, is not much more than the shadow, while the Latin *manes* meant probably in the beginning no more than the Little Ones, the Small Folk.\* But the curious part, as showing again the influence of language on thought, an influence more powerful even than the evidence of the senses, is this, that people who speak of the life or soul as the shadow of the body, have brought themselves to believe that a dead body casts no shadow, because the shadow has departed from it; that it is, in fact, a kind of Peter Schlemihl.†

Let us now return to mythology in the narrower sense of the word. One of the earliest objects that would strike and stir the mind of man and for which a sign or a name would soon be wanted, is surely the Sun. It is very hard for us to realize the feelings with which the first dwellers on the earth looked upon the sun, or fully to understand what they meant by a morning prayer or a morning sacrifice. Perhaps there are few people here present who have watched a sunrise more than once or twice in their life; few people who have ever known the true meaning of a morning prayer, or a morning sacrifice. But think of man at the very dawn of time: forget for a moment, if you can, after having read the fascinating pages of Mr. Darwin, forget what man is supposed to have been before he was man; forget it, because it does not concern us here whether his bodily form and frame were developed once for all in the mind of his Creator, or gradually in the creation itself, which is, I suppose, from the first monad or protoplasm to the last of the primates, or man, the work of his mind; think of him only as man (and man means the thinker), with his mind yet lying fallow, though full of germs—germs of which I hold as strongly as ever no trace has ever, no trace will ever, be discovered anywhere but in man; think of the Sun awakening the eyes of man from sleep, and his mind from slumber. Was not the Sunrise to him the first

wonder, the first beginning of all reflection, all thought, all philosophy? was it not to him the first revelation, the first beginning of all trust, of all religion? To us that wonder of wonders has ceased to exist, and few men now would even venture to speak of the sun as Sir John Herschel has spoken, calling him “the Almoner of the Almighty, the delegated dispenser to us of light and warmth, as well as the centre of attraction, and as such, the immediate source of all our comforts, and, indeed, of the very possibility of our existence on earth.”\* Man is a creature of habit, and wherever we can watch him, we find that before a few generations have passed, he has lost the power of admiring what is regular, and that he can see signs and wonders only in what is irregular. Few nations only have preserved in their ancient poetry some remnants of the natural awe with which the earliest dwellers on the earth saw that brilliant being slowly rising from out the darkness of the night, raising itself by its own might higher and higher, till it stood triumphant on the arch of heaven, and then descended and sank down in its fiery glory into the dark abyss of the heaving and hissing sea. In the hymns of the Veda the poet still wonders whether the sun will rise again; he asks how he can climb the vault of heaven? why he does not fall back? why there is no dust on his path? And when the rays of the morning rouse him from sleep and call him back to new life; when he sees the sun, as he says, stretching out his golden arms to bless the world and rescue it from the terrors of darkness, he exclaims, “Arise, our life, our spirit has come back! the darkness is gone, the light approaches!”

For so prominent an object in the primeval picture-gallery of the human mind, a sign or a name must have been wanted at a very early period. But how was this to be achieved? As a mere sign, a circle would have been sufficient, such as we find in the hieroglyphics of Egypt, in the graphic system of China, or even in our own astronomical tables. If such a sign was fixed upon, we have a beginning of language in the widest sense of the word, for we have a sign for a conception made up of a large number of single sensuous impressions. With such definite signs mythology has little chance; yet the mere fact that the sun was represented as a circle would favour the idea that the

\* *Im-manis*, originally not small, came to mean enormous or monstrous.—See Preller, “*Römische Mythologie*,” p. 72 seq.

† “*Unkulunkulu*; or the Tradition of Creation as existing among the Amazulu and other Tribes of South Africa.” By the Rev. J. Callaway, M.D. Natal, 1868. Part I., p. 91.

\* See J. Samuelson, “*Views of the Deity, Traditional and Scientific*,” p. 144. Williams and Norgate, 1871.

sun was round; or as ancient people, who had no adjective as yet for round or *rotundus*,\* would say, that the sun was a wheel, a *rota*. If, on the contrary, the round sign reminded the people of an eye, then the sign of the sun would soon become the eye of heaven, and germs of mythology would spring up even from the barren soil of such hieroglyphic language.

But now suppose that a real name was wanted for the sun, how could that be achieved?

We know that all words are derived from roots, that these roots express general predicates, and that with few exceptions every name conveys a general predicate peculiar to the object that has to be named. How these roots came to be, is a question into which we need not enter at present. Their origin and growth form a problem of psychology rather than of philology, and each science must keep within its proper bounds. If a name was wanted for snow, the early framers of language singled out one of the general predicates of snow, its whiteness, its coldness, or its liquidity, and called the snow the white, the cold, or the liquid, by means of roots conveying the general idea of whiteness, coldness, or liquidity. Not only Nix, nivis, but Niobe too, was a name of the snow, and meant the melting; the death of her beautiful children by the arrows of Apollon and Artemis represents the destruction of winter by the rays of the sun. If the sun itself was to be named, it might be called the brilliant, the awakener, the runner, the ruler, the father, the giver of warmth, of fertility, of life, the scorcher, the destroyer, the messenger of death, and many other names; but there was no possibility of naming it, except by laying hold of one of its characteristic features, and expressing that feature by means of one of the predictive roots. Let us trace the history of at least one of these names. Before the Aryan nations separated, before there was a Latin, a Greek, or a Sanskrit language, there existed a

root *svar* or *sva*, which meant to beam, to glitter, to warm. It exists in Greek, *σέλας*, splendour; *σελήνη*, moon; in Anglo-Saxon, as *swēlan*, to burn, to sweat; in modern German, *schwül*, oppressively hot. From it we have in Sanskrit the noun *svar*, meaning sometimes the sky, sometimes the sun; and exactly the same word has been preserved in Latin, as *sol*; in Gothic, as *saul*; in Anglo-Saxon, as *sol*. A secondary form of *svar* is the Sanskrit *sūrya* for *svarya*, the sun, which is the same word as the Greek *ἥλιος*.

All these names were originally mere predicates; they meant bright, brilliant, warm. But as soon as the name *svar* or *sūrya* was formed, it became, through the irresistible influence of language, a name, not only of a living, but of a male being. Every noun in Sanskrit must be either a masculine or a feminine (for the neuter gender was originally confined to the nominative case), and as *sūryas* had been formed as a masculine, language stamped it once for all as the sign of a male being as much as if it had been the name of a warrior or a king. In other languages where the name for sun is a feminine, and the sun is accordingly conceived as a woman, as a queen, as the bride of the moon, the whole mythology of the love-making of the heavenly bodies is changed. You may say that all this shows, not so much the influence of language on thought, as of thought on language; and that the sexual character of all words reflects only the peculiarities of a child's mind, which can conceive of nothing except as living, as male or female. If a child hurts itself against a chair, it beats and scolds the chair. The chair is looked upon not as *it*, but as *he*; it is the naughty chair, quite as much as a boy is a naughty boy. There is some truth in this, but it only serves to confirm the right view of the influence of language on thought; for this tendency, though in its origin intentional, and therefore the result of thought, became soon a mere rule of tradition in language, and it then reacted on the mind with irresistible power. As soon, in fact, as *sūryas* or *ἥλιος* appears as a masculine, we are in the very thick of mythology. We have not yet arrived at Helios as a god—that is a much later stage of thought, which we might describe almost in the words of Plato at the beginning of the seventh book of the "Republic," "And after this, he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which

\* "It has already been implied that the Aborigines of Tasmania had acquired very limited powers of abstraction or generalization. They possessed no words representing abstract ideas; for each variety of gum-tree and wattle-tree, &c. &c., they had a name, but they had no equivalent for the expression, 'a tree'; neither could they express abstract qualities, such as hard, soft, warm, cold, long, short, round, &c.; for 'hard' they would say 'like a stone'; for 'tall' they would say 'long legs,' &c.; for 'round' they said 'like a ball,' 'like the moon,' and so on, usually suiting the action to the word, and confirming, by some sign, the meaning to be understood."—Milligan, "Vocabulary of the Dialects of some of the Aboriginal Tribes of Tasmania." Hobart Town. 1896. p. 34.

he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold." We have not yet advanced so far, but we have reached at least the first germs of a myth. In the Homeric hymn to Helios, Helios is not yet called an immortal, but only *ἐμμενέας ἀθανάτοισι*, like unto immortals, yet he is called the child of Euryphaessa, the son of Hyperion, the grandson of Uranos and Gaea. All this is mythology; it is ancient language going beyond its first intention. Nor is there much difficulty in interpreting this myth. Helios, the sun, is called the son of Hyperion, sometimes Hyperion himself. This name Hyperion is derived from the preposition *ὑπέρ*, the Latin *super*, which means above. It is derived by means of the suffix *ων*, which originally was not a patronymic, but simply expressed belonging to. So if Helios was called Hyperion, this simply meant he who dwells on high, and corresponds to Latin *Summanus* or *Superior*, or *Excelsior*. If, on the contrary, Helios is called Hyperionides, this, too, which meant originally no more than he who comes from, or belongs to those who dwell on high, led to the myth that he was the descendant of Hyperion; so that in this case, as in the case of Zeus Kronion, the son really led to the conception of his father. Zeus Kronion meant originally no more than Zeus the eternal, the god of ages, the ancient of days; but *ων* becoming usual as a patronymic suffix, Kronion was supposed to mean the son of Kronos. Kronos, the father, was created in order to account for the existence of the name Kronion. If Hyperion is called the son of Euryphaessa, the wide-shining, this requires no commentary; for even at present a poet might say that the sun is born of the wide-shining dawn. You see the spontaneous generation of mythology with every new name that is formed. As not only the sun, but also the moon and the dawn could be called dwellers on high, they, too, took the name of Hyperionides or Hyperionides; and hence Homer called Selene, the Moon, and Eos, the Dawn, sisters of Helios, and daughters of Hyperion and Euryphaessa, the Dawn doing service twice, both as mother, Euryphaessa, and as daughter, Eos. Nay, according to Homer, Euryphaessa, the Dawn, is not only the wife, but also the sister of Helios. All this is perfectly intelligible, if we watch the growth of language and mythology; but it leads, of course, to the most tragic catastrophes as soon as it is all taken in a literal sense.

Helios is called *ἄκαμαρ*, the never-tiring; *πανόρασις*, the all-seeing; *φαῖδων*, the shin-

ing; and also *φοῖβος*; the brilliant. This last epithet *φοῖβος* has grown into an independent deity Phoebus, and it is particularly known as a name of Apollon, Phoibos Apollon; thus showing what is also known from other sources that in Apollo, too, we have one of the many mythic disguises of the sun. So far all is clear, because all the names which we have to deal with are intelligible, or, at all events, yield to the softest etymological pressure. But now if we hear the story of Phoibos Apollon falling in love with Daphne, and Daphne praying to her mother, the Earth, to save her from Phoibos; and if we read how either the Earth received her in her lap, and then a laurel tree sprang up where she had disappeared, or how she herself was changed into a laurel tree, what shall we think of this? It is a mere story, it might be said, and why should there be any meaning in it? My answer is, because people do not tell such stories of their gods and heroes, unless there is some sense in them. Besides, if Phoibos means the sun, why should not Daphne have a meaning too? Before, therefore, we can decide whether the story of Phoibos and Daphne is a mere invention, we must try to find out what can have been the meaning of the word Daphne. In Greek it means a laurel,\* and this would explain the purely Greek legend that Daphne was changed into a laurel tree. But who was Daphne? In order to answer this question, we must have recourse to etymology, or, in other words, we must examine the history of the word. Etymology, as you know, is no longer what it used to be; and though there may still be a classical scholar here and there who crosses himself at the idea of a Greek word being explained by a reference to Sanskrit, we naturally look to Sanskrit as the master-key to many a lock which no Greek key will open. Now Daphne, as I have shown, can be traced back to Sanskrit *Ahanā*, and *Ahanā* in Sanskrit means the dawn. As soon as we know this, everything becomes clear. The story of Phoibos and Daphne is no more than a description of what every one may see every day; first, the appearance of the Dawn in the eastern sky, then the rising of the Sun as if hurrying after his bride, then the gradual fading away of the bright Dawn at the touch of the fiery rays of the sun, and at last her death or disappearance in the lap of her mother, the Earth. All

\* See M. M.'s "Chips from a German Workshop" (2nd ed.), vol. II. p. 95, note 45.



this seems to me as clear as daylight, and the only objection that could be raised against this reading of the ancient myth would be, if it could be proved that *Ahaná* does not mean Dawn, and that *Daphne* cannot be traced back to *Ahaná*, or that *Helios* does not mean the Sun.

I know there is another objection, but it seems to me so groundless as hardly to deserve an answer. Why, it is asked, should the ancient nations have told these endless stories about the Sun and the Dawn, and why should they have preserved them in their mythology? We might as well ask why the ancient nations should have invented so many irregular verbs, and why they should have preserved them in their grammar. A fact does not cease to be a fact, because we cannot at once explain it. As far as our knowledge goes at present, we are justified in stating that the Aryan nations preserved not only their grammatical structure, and a large portion of their dictionary, from the time which preceded their separation, but that they likewise retained the names of some of their deities, some legends about their gods, some popular sayings and proverbs, and in these, it may be, the seeds of parables, as part of their common Aryan heirloom. Their mythological lore fills in fact a period in the history of Aryan thought half-way between the period of language and the period of literature, and it is this discovery which gives to mythology its importance in the eyes of the student of the most ancient history and psychology of mankind.

And do not suppose that the Greeks, or the Hindus, or the Aryan nations in general were the only people who possessed such tales. Wherever we look, in every part of the world, among uncivilized as well as a civilized people, we find the same kind of stories, the same traditions, the same myths. The Finns, Lapps, and Esthonians do not seem a very poetical race, yet there is poetry even in their smoky tents, poetry surrounded with all the splendour of an arctic night, and fragrant with the perfume of moss and wild flowers. Here is one of their legends:—

“Wanna Issi had two servants, Koit and Ammarik, and he gave them a torch which Koit should light every morning, and Ammarik should extinguish in the evening. In order to reward their faithful services, Wanna Issi told them they might be man and wife, but they asked Wanna Issi that he would allow them to remain for ever bride and bridegroom. Wanna Issi assented, and henceforth Koit handed the torch every evening to Ammarik, and Am-

marik took it and extinguished it. Only during four weeks in summer they remain together at midnight; Koit hands the dying torch to Ammarik, but Ammarik does not let it die, but lights it again with her breath. Then their hands are stretched out, and their lips meet, and the blush of the face of Ammarik colours the midnight sky.”

This myth requires hardly any commentary; yet, as long as it is impossible to explain the names, Wanna Issi, Koit, and Ammarik, it might be said that the story was but a love-story, invented by an idle Lapp, or Finn, or Esthonian. But what if Wanna Issi means, in their own language, the Old Father, and if Koit means the Dawn? Can we then doubt any longer that Ammarik must be the Gloaming, and that their meeting in the summer reflects those summer evenings when, particularly in the North, the torch of the sun seems never to die, and when the Gloaming is seen kissing the Dawn?

I wish I could tell you some more of these stories which have been gathered from all parts of the world, and which, though they may be pronounced childish and tedious by some critics, seem to me to glitter with the brightest dew of nature's own poetry, and to contain those very touches that make us feel akin, not only with Homer or Shakespeare, but even with Lapps, and Finns, and Kaffirs. But my time draws to an end.

If people cannot bring themselves to believe in solar and celestial myths among the Hindus and Greeks, let them study the folk-lore of the Semitic and Turanian races. I know there is, on the part of some of our most distinguished scholars, the same objection against comparing Aryan to Non-Aryan myths, as there is against any attempt to explain the features of Sanskrit or Greek by a reference to Finnish or Bask. In one sense that objection is well founded, for nothing would create greater confusion than to ignore the genealogical principle as the only safe one in a scientific classification of languages and of myths. We must first classify our myths and legends, as we classify our languages and dialects. We must first of all endeavour to explain what wants explanation in one member of a family by a reference to other members of the same family, before we allow ourselves to glance beyond. But there is in a comparative study of languages and myths not only a philological, but also a philosophical and more particularly, a psychological interest, and though even in this more general study of mankind, the frontiers of language and race ought

never to disappear, yet they can no longer be allowed to narrow or intercept our view. How much the student of Aryan mythology and ethnology may gain for his own progress by allowing himself a wider survey over the traditions and customs of the whole human race, is best known to those who have studied the works of Klemm, Waitz, Bastian, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Tylor, and Dr. Callaway. What is prehistoric in language among the Aryan nations, is frequently found as still historic among Turanian races. The same applies with regard to religions, myths, legends, and customs. Among Finns and Lapps, among Zulus and Maoris, among Khonds and Karens, we sometimes find the most startling analogies to Aryan traditions, and we certainly learn, again and again, this one important lesson, that as in language, so in mythology, there is nothing which had not originally a meaning, that every name of the gods and heroes had a beginning, a purpose, and a history. Jupiter was no more called Jupiter by accident, than the Polynesian *Maui*, the Samoyede *Nun*, or the Chinese *Tien*.<sup>\*</sup> If we can discover the original meaning of these names, we have reached the first ground of their later growth. I do not say that we have solved the whole riddle of mythology if we can explain the first purpose of the mythological names, but I maintain that we have gained firm ground; I maintain that every true etymology gives us an historical fact, because the first giving of a name was an historical fact, and an historical fact of the greatest importance for the later development of ancient ideas. Think only of this one fact, which no one would now venture to doubt, that the supreme deity of the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans, is called by the same name as the supreme deity of the earliest Aryan settlers in India. Does not this one fact draw away the curtain from the dark ages of antiquity, and open before our eyes an horizon which we can hardly measure by years? The Greek *Zeus* is the same word as the Latin *Ju* in *Jupiter*, as the German *Tiu*; and all these were merely dialectic varieties of the Vedic *Dyaus*.† Now *dyaus* in Sanskrit is the name of the sky, if used as a feminine; if used as a masculine, as it is still in the Veda, it is the sky as a man or as a god—it is *Zeus*, the father of gods and men. You know, of course, that the whole language of ancient India

is but a sister dialect of Greek, Latin, of German, Celtic, and Slavonic, and that if the Greek says *es-ti*, he is, if the Roman says *est*, the German *ist*, the Slave *jesté*, the Hindu said three thousand years ago, *as-ti*, he is. This *as-ti* is a compound of a root *as*, to be, and the pronoun *ti*. The root meant originally to breathe, and dwindled down after a time to the meaning of *to be*. All this must have happened before a single Greek or German reached the shores of Europe, and before a single Brahman descended into the plains of India. At that distant time we must place the gradual growth of language and ideas, of a language which we are still speaking, of ideas which we are still thinking, and at the same time only can we explain the framing of those names which were the first attempts at grasping supernatural powers, which became in time the names of the deities of the ancient world, the heroes of mythology, the chief actors in many a legend, nay, some of which have survived in the nursery tales of our own time.\*

\* See a most interesting essay, "Le Petit Poucet" (Tom Thumb), by Guston Paris.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
STORY OF THE PLEBISCITE.

TOLD BY ONE OF THE SEVEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WHO VOTED "YES."

BY M. M. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

I.

I AM writing this history for sensible people. It is my own story during the calamitous war we have just gone through. I write it to show those who shall come after us how many evil-minded people there are in the world, and how little we ought to trust fair words; for we have been deceived in this village of ours after a most abominable fashion; we have been deceived by all sorts of people—by the *sous-préfets*, by the *préfet* and by the ministers; by the *curé*, by the official gazettes; in a word, by each and all.

Could any one have imagined that there are so many deceivers in this world? No, indeed; it requires to be seen with one's own eyes to be believed.

In the end we have had to pay dearly. We have given up our hay, our straw, our corn, our flour, our cattle; and that was not enough. Finally, they gave up *us*, our own selves. They said to us: "You

\* See M.M.'s "Lectures on the Science of Religion," p. 41, *seq.*

† See M.M.'s "Lectures on the Science of Language" (6th ed.), vol. II., p. 468.

are no longer Frenchmen: you are Prussians! We have taken your young men to fight in the war; they are dead, they are prisoners: now settle with Bismarck any way you like; your business is none of ours!"

But these things must be told plainly; so I will begin at the beginning, without getting angry.

You must know, in the first place, that I am a miller in the village of Rothalp, in the valley of Metting, at Dosenheim, between Lorraine and Alsace. It is a large and fine village of 130 houses, wanting neither its curé Daniel, nor its schoolmaster Adam Fix, nor principal inhabitants of every kind — wheelwrights, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, publicans, brewers, dealers in eggs, butter, and poultry; we even have two Jews, Solomon Kaan, a pedlar, and David Hertz, cattle-dealer.

This will show you what was our state of prosperity before this war; for the wealthier a village is the more strangers it draws: every man finds a livelihood there, and works at his trade.

We had not even occasion to fetch our butchers' meat from town. David killed a cow now and then, and retailed all we wanted for Sundays and holidays.

I, Christian Weber, have never been further than thirty leagues from this commune. I inherited my mill from my grandfather, Marcel Desjardins, a Frenchman from the neighbourhood of Metz, who had built it in the time of the Swedish war, when our village was but a miserable hamlet. Twenty-six years ago I married Catherine Amos, daughter of the old forest-ranger. She brought me a hundred louis for her dowry. We have two children — a daughter, Grédel and a son Jacob, who are still with us at home.

You must know besides that I have a cousin, George Weber, who went off more than thirty years ago to serve in the Marines in Guadaloupe. He has even been in active service there. It was he who beat the drum on the fore-castle of the ship *Boussole*, as he has told me a hundred times, whilst the fleet was bombarding St. John d'Ulloa. Afterwards he was promoted to be sergeant; then he sailed to North America, for the cod-fisheries; and into the Baltic, on board a small Danish vessel engaged in the coal-trade. George was always intent upon making a fortune. About 1850 he returned to Paris, and established a manufactory of matches in the Rue Mouffetard in Paris; and as he is really a very handsome tall man, with a dark complexion, bold-looking, and with a

quick eye, at last he married a rich widow without children, Madame Marie Anne Finck, who was keeping an inn in that neighbourhood. They became rich. They bought land in our part of the country through the agency of Monsieur Fingado, the solicitor, to whom he sent regularly the price of every piece of land. At last, on the death of the old carpenter, Joseph Briou, he became the purchaser of his house, to live there with his wife, and to keep a public-house on the road to Metting.

This took place last year, during the time of the Plébiscite, and cousin George came to visit his house before taking his wife, Marie Anne, to it.

As for me, I was mayor; I had received orders from M. le Sous-Préfet to give public notice of the Plébiscite, and to request all well-disposed persons to vote "Yes" if they desired to preserve peace; because all the ruffians in the country were going to vote No, to have war.

This is exactly what I did, making everybody promise to come without fail, and sending the *bangard* Martin Kapp to carry the voting tickets to the very farthest cottages up the mountains.

Cousin George arrived the evening before the Plébiscite. I received him very kindly, as one ought to receive a rich relation who has no children. He seemed quite pleased to see us, and dined with us in the best of tempers. He carried with him in a small leathern trunk clothes, shoes, shirts — everything that he required. He wanted nothing. That day everything went on well; but the next day, hearing the notices cried by the rural policeman, he went off to Reibell's brewery, which was full of people, and began to preach against the Plébiscite.

I was just then at the mayoralty-house with my official scarf on, receiving the tickets, when suddenly my deputy Placiard came to tell me, in high indignation, that certain miserable wretches were attacking order; that one of them was at the *Cru-chon d'Or*, and that half the village were very nearly murdering him.

Immediately I went down, and ran to the public-house where my cousin was calling them all asses, affirming that the Plébiscite was for war; that the Emperor, the ministers, the prefects, the generals and the bishops were deceiving the people; that all those men were acting a part to get our money from us, and much besides to the same purpose.

I, from the passage, could already hear him shouting these things in a terrible

voice, and I said to myself, "The poor fellow has been drinking."

If George had not been my cousin; if he had not been quite capable some day of disinheriting my children, I should certainly have arrested him at once, and had him conveyed under safe-keeping to Sarrebourg; but, on giving due weight to these considerations, I resolved to put an end to this bad business, and I cried to the people who were crowding the passage, "Make room, you fellows, make room!"

Those enraged creatures, seeing the scarf, gave way in all directions; and then discovering my cousin, seated at a table in the right-hand corner, I said, "Cousin! what are you thinking of, to create such a scandal?"

He, too, was overcome at the sight of the scarf, having served in the navy, and knowing that there is no man who claims more respect than a mayor; that he has a right to lay hands upon you, and send you to the lock-up — and, if you resist, to send you as far as Sarrebourg and Nancy. Reflecting upon this, he calmed down in a moment, for he had not been drinking at all, as I supposed at first, and he was saying these things without bitterness, without anger, conscientiously, and through regard for his fellow-citizens.

Therefore, he replied to me quietly: "Mr. Mayor, look after your elections! See that certain rogues up there — as there are rogues everywhere — don't stuff into the ballot-box handfuls of *Yeses* instead of *Noes* while your back is turned. This has often happened! And then pray don't trouble yourself about me. In the *Gazette* of the Government, it is declared that every man shall be free to maintain his own opinions, and to vote as he pleases; if my mouth is stopped, I shall protest in the newspapers."

Hearing that he would protest, to avoid a worse scandal I answered him: "Say what you please: no one shall declare that we have put any constraint upon the elections; but, you men, you know what you have to do."

"Yes, yes," shouted all the people in the room and down the passage, lifting their hats. "Yes, Monsieur le Maire; we will listen to nothing at all. Whether they talk all day or say nothing, it is all the same to us."

And they all went off to vote, leaving George alone.

M. le Curé Daniel, seeing them coming out, came from his parsonage to place himself at their head. He had preached in the morning in favour of the *Plébiscite*,

and there was not a single *No* in the box.

If my cousin had not had the large meadow above the mill, and the finest acres in the country, he would have been an object of contempt for the rest of his days; but a rich man, who has just bought a house, an orchard, a garden, and has paid ready-money for everything, may say whatever he pleases, especially when he is not listened to and the people go and do the very opposite of what he has been advising them.

Well, this is the way with the elections for the *Plébiscite* with us, and just the same thing went on throughout our canton: at Phalsbourg, — which has been abundantly placarded against the *Plébiscite*, and where they carried their audacity even to watching the mayor and the ballot-box — out of fifteen hundred electors, military and civil, there were only thirty-two *Noes*.

It is quite clear that things were making favourable progress, and that M. le Sous-Préfet could not but be perfectly satisfied with our behaviour.

I must also mention that we were in want of a parish road to Hangeviller; that we had been promised a pair of church-bells, and the *glandée*, or right of feeding our hogs upon the adorns in autumn; and that we were aware that all the villages which voted the wrong way got nothing, whilst the others — in consideration of the good councillors they had sent up, either to the *arrondissement* or the department — might always reckon upon a little money from the tax-collector for the necessities of their parish. Monsieur le Sous-Préfet had pointed out these advantages to me; and naturally a good mayor will inform his subordinates. I did so. Our deputies, our councillors-general, our councillors of the *arrondissement*, were all on the right side! By these means we had already gained the right to the dead leaves and our great wash-houses. We only sought our own good, and we much preferred seeing other villages pay the ministers, the senators, the marshals, the bishops, and the princes, to paying them ourselves. So that all that cousin George could say to us about the interest of all, and the welfare of the nation, made not the least impression upon us.

I remember that that very day of the *Plébiscite*, when it was already known that we had all voted right, and that we should get our two bells with the parish road — I remember that my cousin and I had, after supper, a great quarrel, and that I should

certainly have put him out, if it had not been he.

We were taking our *petit verre* of *kirch*, smoking our pipes, with our elbows on the table; my wife and Grédel had already gone to bed, when all at once he said to me: "Listen to me, Christian. Save the respect I owe you as mayor, you are all a set of geese in this village, and it is a very fortunate thing that I am come here, that you may have at least one sensible man among you."

I was going to get angry, but he said:

"Just let me finish; if you had but spent a couple of years at Paris, you would see things a little plainer: but at this moment, you are like a nest of hungry jays, blind and unfeathered; they open their bills, and they cry 'Jaques,' to call down food from heaven. Those who hear them climb up the tree, twist their necks, and put them into the pot laughing. That is your position. You have confidence in your enemies, and you give them power to pluck you just as they please. If you appointed upright men in your districts as deputies, councillors-general, instead of taking whoever the prefecture recommends, would not the Emperor and the other honourable men above be obliged then to leave you the money which the tax-collector makes you pay in excess? Could all those people then enrich themselves at your expense, and amass immense fortunes in a few years? Would you then see old baskets with their bottoms out, fellows to whom you would not have trusted a halfpenny before the *coup-d'état*—would you see them become millionaires, rolling in gold—gliding along in carriages with their wives, their children, their servants and their ballet-dancers? The préfets, the sous-préfets say to you: 'Go on voting right—you shall have this—you shall have that'—things which you have a right to demand in virtue of the taxes you pay, but which are granted to you as favours,—roads, washhouses, schools, &c. Would you not have them in your own right, if the money which is taken from you were left in the commune? What does the Emperor do for you? He plunders you—that is all. Your money, he shows it to you before each election, as they show a child a stick of sugar-candy to make it laugh; and when the election is over he puts it back into his pocket. The trick is played."

"How can he put that money into his pocket?" I asked, full of indignation. "Are not the accounts presented every year in the Chambers?"

Then he shrugged his shoulders, and answered: "You are not sharp, Christian; it is not so difficult to present accounts to the Chambers. So many chassespots—which have no existence! So much munition of war, of which no one knows anything. So much for retiring pensions; so much for the substitutes' fund; so much for changes of uniform. The uniforms are changed every year; that is good for business. Do the deputies inquire into these matters? Who checks the Ministers' budgets? And the deputies whom the Minister of the Interior has recommended to you, whom you have appointed like fools, and whom the Emperor would throw up at the very first election, if those gentlemen breathed a syllable about visiting the arsenals and examining into the accounts—what a farce! Why, yesterday, passing through Phalsbourg, I got upon the ramparts, and I saw there guns of the time of Herod, upon gun-carriages eaten up by worms and painted over to conceal the rottenness. These very guns, I do believe are recast every third or fourth year—upon paper—with your money. Ah, my poor Christian, you are not very sharp, nor the other people in our village either. But the men you send as deputies to Paris—they are sharp, too sharp."

He broke out into a laugh, and I could have sent him back to Paris.

"Do you know what you want?" said he then, filling his pipe and lighting it, for I made no reply, being too much annoyed; "what you want is not good sense, it is not honesty. All of us peasants, we still possess some good sense and honesty. And we believe, moreover, in the honesty of others, which proves that we ourselves have a little left! No, what you want is education; you have asked for bells, and bells you will get; but all the school you have is a miserable shed, and your only schoolmaster is old Adam Fix, who can teach his children nothing, by reason that he knows nothing himself. Well now, if you were to ask for a really good school, there would be no money in the public fund. There is money enough for bells, but for a good schoolmaster, for a large well-ventilated room, for deal benches and tables, for pictures, slates, maps and books there is nothing; for if you had good schools, your children could read, write, keep accounts; they would soon be able to look into the ministers' accounts, and that is exactly what his Majesty wishes to avoid. You understand now, cousin; this is the reason why you have no school and you have bells."



Then he looked knowingly at me; "And, do you know," said he, after a few moments' thought, "do you know how much all the schools in France cost? I am not referring to the great schools of medicine, and law, and chemistry, the colleges, and the lycéums, which are schools for wealthy young men, able to keep themselves in large cities, and to pay for their own maintenance. I am speaking of schools for the people, elementary schools, where reading and writing are taught, the two first things which a man must know, and which distinguish him from the savages who roam naked in the American forests? Well, the deputies whom the people themselves send to protect their interests at Paris, and whose first thought, if they are not altogether thieves, ought to be to discharge their duty towards their constituencies—these deputies have never voted for the schools of the people a larger sum than seventy-five millions. The state contributes ten millions as its share; the commune, the departments, the fathers and mothers do the rest. Seventy-five millions to educate the people in a great country like ours—it is a disgrace. The United States spend six times the amount. But, on the other hand, for the War budget we pay five hundred millions; even that would not be too much if we had five hundred thousand men under arms, according to the calculation which has been made of what it costs per diem for each man; but for an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, it is too much by half. What becomes of the other three hundred millions? If they were made available to build schools, to pay able masters, to furnish retreats for workmen in their declining days, I should have nothing to say against it; but to ring in the pockets of MM. the senators and the bells of MM. the curés, I consider that too dear."

As cousin George bothered my mind with all his arguments, I felt a wish to go to bed, and I said to him, "All that, cousin, is very fine, but it is getting late, and besides it has nothing to do with the Plébiscite."

I had risen; but he laid his hand upon my arm and said, "Let us talk a little longer—let me finish my pipe. You say that this has nothing to do with the Plébiscite; but that Plébiscite is for all this nice arrangement of things to go on. If the nation believes that all is right, that enough money is left to it, and that even it can spare a little more; that the ministers, the senators and the princes are not yet sufficiently fat and flourishing; that

the Emperor has not bought enough in foreign countries; well, it will say with this Plébiscite, 'Go on, pray go on—we are quite satisfied.' Does that suit your ideas?"

"Yes. I had rather that than war," said I, in a very bad temper. "The Empire is peace; I vote for peace."

Then George himself rose up, emptying his pipe on the edge of the table, and said: "Christian, you are right. Let us go to bed. I repent having bought old Briou's house: decidedly the people in these parts are too stupid. You quite grieve me."

"Oh, I don't want to grieve you," said I angrily; "I have quite as much sense as you."

"What!" said he, "you the mayor of Rothalp, in daily communication with the sous-préfet, you believe that the object of this Plébiscite is to confirm peace?"

"Yes, I do."

"What, you believe that? Come now. Have we not peace at the present moment? Do we want a Plébiscite to preserve it? Do you suppose that the Germans are taken in by it? Our peasants, to be sure, they are misled; they are indoctrinated at the curé's house, at the mayoralty-house, at the sous-préfecture; but not a single workman in Paris is a dupe of this pernicious scheming. They all know that the Emperor and the Ministers want war; that the generals and the superior officers demand it. Peace is a good thing for tradesmen, for artisans, for peasants; but the officers are tired of being cramped up in the same ranks. Already the inferior officers have been disgusted with the profession through the crowds of nobles, Jesuits, and canting hypocrites of all sorts who are thrust into the army. The troops are not animated with a good spirit; they want promotion, or they will end by rousing themselves into a passion, especially when they see the Prussians under our noses helping themselves to anything they please without asking our leave. You don't understand that! There," said he, "I am sleepy. Let us go to bed."

Then I began to understand that my cousin had learnt many things at Paris, and that he knew more of politics than I did. But that did not prevent me from being in a great rage with him; for the whole of that day he had done nothing but cause trouble, and I said to myself that it was impossible to live with such a brute.

My wife, at the top of the landing, had heard us disputing; but as we were go-

ing upstairs, she came all smiles to meet us, holding the candle, and saying: "Oh, you have had a great deal to tell each other this evening! You must have had enough. Come, cousin, let me take you to your room; there it is. From your window you may see the woods in the moonlight; and here is your bed, the best in the house. You will find your cotton night-cap under the pillow."

"Very nice, Catherine, thank you," said George.

"And I hope you will sleep comfortably," said she, returning to me.

This wise woman, full of excellent good sense, then said to me, while I was undressing: "Christian, what were you thinking of, to contradict your cousin? Such a rich man, and who can do us so much good by and by! What does the plebiscite signify? What can that bring us in? Whatever your cousin says to you say 'Amen' after it. Remember that his wife has relations, that she will want to get everything on her side. Mind you don't quarrel with George. A fine meadow below the mill, and an orchard on the hill-side, are not found every day in the way of a cow."

I saw at once that she was right, and I inwardly resolved never to contradict George again, who might himself alone be worth to us far more than the Emperor, the ministers, the senators, and all the establishment together; for every one of those people thought of his own interests alone, without even casting away a thought upon us: and of course we ought to do the same as they did, since they had succeeded so well in sewing gold lace upon all their seams, fattening and living in abundance in this world, without mentioning the promises that the bishops made to them for the next.

Thinking upon these things, I lay calmly down, and soon fell asleep.

## II.

THE next day early, cousin George, my son Jacob, and myself, after having eaten a crust of bread and taken a glass of wine standing, harnessed our horses, and put them into our two carts to go and fetch my cousin's wife and furniture at the Lützelbourg station.

Before coming into our country, George had ordered his house to be whitewashed and painted from top to bottom; he had laid new floors, and replaced the old shingle roof with tiles. Now the paint was dry, the doors and windows stood open day and night; the house could not

be robbed, for there was nothing in it. My cousin, seeing that all was right, had just written to his wife that she might bring their goods and chattels with her.

So we started about six in the morning; upon the road the people of Hangeviller, of Metting, and Vechem, and those who were going to market in the town were singing and shouting "Vive l'Empereur!"

Everywhere they had voted "Yes" for peace. It was the greatest fraud that had ever been perpetrated; by the way in which the ministers, the prefects, and the Government newspapers had explained the Plebiscite, everybody had imagined that he had really voted peace.

Cousin George hearing this, said, "Oh, you poor country folks, how I pity you for being such imbeciles! How I pity you for believing what these pickpockets tell you!"

That was how he styled the Emperor's government, and naturally I felt my indignation rise; but Catherine's sound advice came back into my mind, and I thought, "Hold your tongue, Christian; don't say a word — that's your best plan."

All along the road we saw the same spectacle; the soldiers of the 84th, garrisoned at Phalsbourg, looked as pleased as men who have won the first prize in a lottery; the colonel declared that the men who did not vote "Yes" would be unworthy of being called Frenchmen. Every man had voted "Yes;" for a good soldier knows nothing but his orders.

So having passed before the gate of France, we came down to the Baraques and then reached Lützelbourg. The train from Paris had passed a few minutes before; the whistle could yet be heard under the Saverne tunnel.

My cousin's wife, with whom I was not yet acquainted, was standing by her luggage on the platform; and seeing George coming up, she cried, full of joy, "Ah! is that you? and here is cousin."

She kissed us both heartily, gazing at us, however, with some surprise, perhaps on account of our blouses and our great wide-brimmed black hats. But no! it could not be that; for Marie Anne Finck was a native of Wasselonne, in Alsace, and the Alsacians have always worn the blouse and wide-brimmed hat as long as I can remember. But this tall, thin woman, with her large brown eyes, as bustling, quick, and active as gunpowder, after having passed thirty years at Paris, having first been cook at Krantheimer's, at a place called the Barrière de Montmartre, and

then in five or six other inns in the great city, might well be somewhat astonished at seeing such simple people as we were; and no doubt it also gave her pleasure.

That is my idea.

"The carts are there, wife," cried George, in high spirits. "We will load the biggest with as much furniture as we can, and the rest upon the smaller one. You will sit in front. There—look up there—that's the castle of Lützelbourg, and that pretty little wooden house close by, covered all over with vine, that is a chalet, Father Hoffmann-Forty's chalet, the distiller of cordials; you know the cordial of Phalsbourg."

He showed her everything.

Then we began to load; that big Yéri, who takes the tickets at the gate, and who carries the parcels to Monsieur André's omnibus, comes to lend us a hand. And the two carts being loaded about twelve o'clock, my cousin's wife seated in front of the foremost one upon a truss of straw, we started at a quiet pace for the village, where we arrived about three o'clock. But I remember one thing, which I will not omit to mention. As we were coming out of Lützelbourg, a heavy waggon-load of coal was coming down the hill, a lad of sixteen or seventeen leading the horse by the bridle; at the door of the last house, a little child of five years old, sitting on the ground, was looking at our carts passing by; he was out of the road, he could not be in any one's way, and was sitting there perfectly quiet, when the boy, without any reason, gave him a lash with his whip, which made the child cry aloud.

My cousin's wife saw that.

"Why did that boy strike the child?" she inquired.

"That's a coalheaver," George answered. "He comes from Sarrebrück. He is a Prussian. He struck the child because he is a French child."

Then my cousin's wife wanted to get down to fall upon the Prussian; she cried to him, "You great coward, you lazy dog, you wicked wretch, come and hit me." And the boy would have come to settle her, if we had not been there to receive him; but he would not trust himself to us and lashed his horses to get out of our reach, making all haste to pass the bridge, and turning his head round towards us, for fear of being followed.

I thought at the time that cousin George was wrong in saying that this boy had a spite against the French because he was a Prussian; but I learned afterwards that he was right, and that the Germans have

borne ill-will against us for years without showing it to us—like a set of sulky fellows waiting for a good opportunity to make us feel it.

"It is our good man that we have to thank for this," said George: "the Germans fancy that we have named him Emperor to begin his uncle's tricks again; and now they look upon our Plébiscite as a declaration of war. The joy of our sous-préfets, our mayors, and our curés, and of all those excellent people who only prosper upon the miseries of mankind, proves that they are not very far out."

"Yes, indeed," cried his wife; "but to beat a child, that is cowardly."

"Bah! don't let us think about it," said George. "We shall see much worse things than this; and that we shall have deserved it through our own folly. God grant that I may be mistaken!"

Talking so, we arrived home.

My wife had prepared dinner; there was kissing all round, the acquaintance was made; we all sat round the table, and dined with excellent appetites. Marie Anne was gay; she had already seen their house on her way, and the garden behind it with its rows of gooseberry-bushes and the plum-trees full of blossom. The two carts, the horses having been taken out, were standing before their door; and from our windows might be seen the village people examining them attentively, going round gazing with curiosity upon the great heavy boxes, feeling the bedding, and talking together about this great quantity of furniture and goods, just as if it was their own business.

They said no doubt that our cousin George Weber and his wife were rich people, who deserved the respectful consideration of the whole country round; and I myself, before seeing these great chests, should never have dreamed that they could have so much belonging entirely to themselves.

This proved to me that my wife was perfectly right in continuing to pay every respect to my cousin; she had also cautioned our daughter Grédel, and as for Jacob, he is a most sensible lad, who thinks of everything and needs not to be told what to do.

But what astonished us a great deal more was to see arriving about half-past three two other large waggons from the direction of Wechem, and hearing my cousin cry "Here comes my wine from Barr!"

Before coming to Rothalp he had himself gone to Barr, in Alsace, in order to

taste the wine and to make his own bargains.

"Come, Christian," said he, rising, "we have no time to lose if we mean to unload before nightfall. Take your pincers and your mallet; you will also fetch ropes and a ladder to let the casks down into the cellar."

Jacob ran to fetch what was wanted, and we all came out together — my wife, my daughter, cousin, and everybody. My man Frantz remained alone at the mill, and immediately they began to undo the boxes, to carry the furniture into the house: chests of drawers, wardrobes, bedsteads, and quantities of plates, dishes, soup-tureens, &c., which were carried straight into the kitchen.

My cousin gave his orders: "Put that down in a corner; set that in another corner."

The neighbours helped us too, out of curiosity. Everything went on admirably.

And upon this arrived the waggons from Barr; they were obliged to be kept waiting till seven o'clock. Our wives had already set up the beds and put away the linen in the wardrobes.

About seven o'clock everything was in order in the house. We now thought of resting till to-morrow, when Joseph said to us, turning up his sleeves, "Now, my friend, here comes the biggest part of the work. I always strike the iron while it's hot. Let all the men who are willing help me to unload the casks, for the drivers want to get back to town, and I think they are right."

Immediately the cellar was opened, the ladder laid against the first waggon, the lanterns lighted, the planks set leaning in their places, and until eleven o'clock we did nothing but unload wine, roll down casks, let them down with my ropes, and put them in their places.

Never had I worked as I did on that day!

Not before eleven o'clock did cousin George, seeing everything settled to his satisfaction, seem pleased; he tapped the first cask, filled a jug with wine, and said, "Working men, come up, we will have a good draught, and then we will go to bed."

The cellar was shut up, we drank in the large parlour, and then all, one after another, went home to bed, upon the stroke of midnight.

All the villagers were astonished to see how these Parisians worked. They were all the talk. At one time it was how

cousin had bought up all the manure at the gendarmerie; then how he had made a contract to have all his land drained in the autumn; and then how he was going to build a stable and a laundry at the back of his house, a distillery at the end of his yard; he was enlarging his cellars, already the finest in the country. What a quantity of money he must have!

If he had not paid his architect, the carpenters, and the masons cash down, it would have been declared that he was ruining himself. But he never wanted a penny; and his solicitor always addressed him with a smiling face, raising his hat from afar off, and calling him "my dear Monsieur Weber."

One single thing vexed George: he had requested of the prefecture as soon as he arrived a licence to open his public-house at the sign of "The Pineapple." He had even written three letters to Sarrebourg, and had received no answer. Morning and evening, seeing me pass by with my carts of grain and flour, he called to me through the window, "Hallo, Christian, this way just a minute!"

He never talked of anything else; he even came to tease me at the mayoralty-house to endorse and seal his letters with attestations as to his good life and character; and yet no answer came.

One evening, as I was busy signing the registration of the reports drawn up in the week by the schoolmaster, he came in and said, "Nothing yet?"

"Cousin, I don't know the meaning of it."

"Very well," said he, sitting before my desk. "Give me some paper. Let me write for once, and then we will see."

He was pale with excitement, and began to write, reading it as he went on:—

"MONSIEUR LE SOUS-PREFET,—I have requested from you a licence to open a public-house at Rothalp. I have even had the honour of writing you three letters upon the subject, and you have given me no answer. Answer me — yes or no! When people are paid, and well paid, they ought to fulfil their duty."

"Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, I have the honour to salute you."

"GEORGE WEBER,  
Late Sergeant of Marines."

Hearing this letter, my hair positively stood on end.

"Cousin, don't send that," said I; "the Sous-Préfet would very likely put you under arrest."

"Pooh!" said he, "you country people, you seem to look upon these folks as

if they were demigods, yet they live upon our money. It is we who pay them; they are for our service, and nothing more. Here, Christian, will you put your seal to that?"

Then, in spite of all my wife might say, I replied, "George, for the love of Heaven, don't ask me that. I should most assuredly lose my place."

"What place? Your place as mayor," said he, "in which you receive the commands of the Sous-Préfet who receives the commands of the Préfet, who receives the orders of a Minister, who does everything that our *honest man* bids him. I had rather be a ragman than fill such a place."

The schoolmaster, who happened to be there, suddenly dropped from the clouds; his arms hung down the sides of his chair, and he gazed at my cousin with staring eyes, just as a man fearfully examines a dangerous lunatic.

I, too, was sitting upon thorns on hearing such words as these in the mayoralty-house; but at last I told him I had rather go myself to Sarrebourg and ask for the permission than seal that letter.

"Then we will go together," said he.

But I felt sure that if he spoke after this fashion to Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, he would lay hands upon both of us; and I said that I should go alone, because his presence would put a constraint upon me.

"Very well," he said; "but you will tell me everything that the Sous-Préfet has been saying to you."

He tore up his letter, and we went out together.

I don't remember that I ever passed a worse night than that. My wife kept repeating to me that our cousin George had the precedence over the Sous-Préfet, who only laughed at us; that the Emperor, too, had cousins, who wanted to inherit everything from him, and that everybody ought to stick to their own belongings.

Next day, when I left for Sarrebourg, my head was in a whirl of confusion, and I thought that my cousin and his wife would have done well to have stayed in Paris rather than come and trouble us when we were at peace, when every man paid his own rates and taxes, when everybody voted as they liked at the prefecture. I could say that never was a loud word spoken at the public-house; that people attended with regularity both mass and vespers; that the gendarmes never visited our village more than once a week to preserve order; and that I myself was treated with consideration and respect; that when I spoke but a word, honest men

said, "That's the truth! that's the opinion of Monsieur le Maire!"

Yes, all these things and many more passed through my mind, and I should have liked to see cousin George at Jericho.

This is just how we were in our village, and I don't know even yet by what means other people had made such fools of us. In the end we have had to pay dearly for it; and our children ought to learn wisdom by it.

From The Contemporary Magazine.  
THE LAST TOURNAMENT.\*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.  
POET LAUREATE.

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his moods  
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table  
Round,

As Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,  
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.  
And toward him from the hall, with harp in  
hand,

And from the crown, thereof a carcanet  
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize  
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,  
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir  
Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once  
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock  
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,  
From roots like some black coil of craven snakes  
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid air  
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree  
Rushed ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind  
Pierced ever a child's cry: and crag and tree  
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,  
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,  
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought  
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying took.  
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the Queen  
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms  
Received, and after loved it tenderly,  
And named it Nestling; so forgot herself  
A moment, and her cares; till that young life  
Being smitten in mid heaven with mortal cold  
Past from her; and in time the carcanet  
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child:  
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,  
"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,  
And make them, as thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-  
borne  
Dead nestling, and this honour after death,  
Following thy will! but, O my Queen, I muse  
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone

\* This poem forms one of the "Idylls of the King." Its place is between "Pelleas" and "Guinevere."



Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,  
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,

"Plunge and be lost — ill-fated as they were,  
A bitterness to me! — ye look amazed,  
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given —  
Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out  
Above the river — that unhappy child  
Past in her barge : but rosier luck will go  
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came  
Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,  
But the sweet body of a maiden babe.  
Perchance — who knows! — the purest of thy  
knights  
May win them for the purest of my maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great joust  
With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways  
From Camelot in among the faded fields  
To furthest towers; and everywhere the knights  
Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn  
Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd  
From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose  
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,  
And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,  
A churl, to whom indignantly the King,

"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil  
beast

Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or  
fiend?

Man was it who marr'd heaven's image in thee  
thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd  
teeth,

Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt  
stump

Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd  
churl,

"He took them and he drave them to his  
tower —

Some hold he was a table-knight of thine —  
A hundred goodly ones — the Red Knight, he —  
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight  
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower;  
And when I call'd upon thy name as one  
That doest right by gentle and by churl,  
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright  
have slain,

Save that he sware me to a message, saying —  
'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I  
Have found my Round Table in the North,  
And whatsoever his own knights have sworn  
My knights have sworn the counter to it — and  
say

My tower is full of harlots, like his court,  
But mine are worthier, seeing they profess  
To be none other than themselves — and say  
My knights are all adulterers like his own,  
But mine are truer, seeing they profess  
To be none other; and say his hour is come  
The heathen are upon him, his long lance  
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,  
"Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously  
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.  
The heathen — but that ever-climbing wave,  
Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,  
Hath lain for years at rest — and renegades,  
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom  
The wholesome realm is purged of elsewhere, —  
Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,  
— now

Make their last head like Satan in the North.  
My younger knights, new-made, in whom your  
flower

Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,  
Move with me toward their quelling, which  
achieved,

The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.  
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place  
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field;  
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with  
it,

Only to yield my Queen her own again?  
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:  
Yet better if the King abide, and leave  
The leading of his younger knights to me.  
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,  
And while they stood without the doors, the  
King

Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so well?  
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he  
Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears' —  
The foot that loiters, bidden go, — the glance  
that only seems half-loyal to command, —  
A manner somewhat fallen from reverence —  
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights  
Tells of a manhood ever less and lower?  
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,  
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,  
From flat confusion and brute violences,  
Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,  
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd  
North by the gate. In her high bower the  
Queen,

Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,  
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she  
sigh'd.

Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme  
Of bygone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?  
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,  
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd  
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,  
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,  
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of  
prey,

The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,  
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure  
White samite, and by fountains running wine,  
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,

Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad  
steps  
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,  
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their  
Queen

White-robed in honour of the stainless child,  
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank  
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.  
He looked but once, and vail'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream  
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll  
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began :  
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf  
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn  
plume

Went down it. Sighing wearily, as one  
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,  
When all the goodlier guests are past away,  
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.  
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament  
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast down  
Before his throne of arbitration cursed  
The dead babe and the follies of the King;  
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,  
And showed him, like a vermin in its hole,  
Modred, a narrow face : anon he heard  
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar  
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,  
But newly enter'd, taller than the rest,  
And armour'd all in forest green, whereon  
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,  
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,  
With ever-scattering berries, and on shield  
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late  
From overseas in Brittany return'd,  
And marriage with a princess of that realm,  
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—  
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with  
pain

His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake  
The burthen off his heart in one full shock  
With Tristram ev'n to death : his strong hands  
gript

And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,  
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many of those,  
That ware their ladies colours on the casque,  
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,  
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries  
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests! O  
shame!

What faith have these in whom they sware to  
love?

The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the  
gems,

Not speaking other word than "Hast thou won?  
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand  
Wherewith thou takest this, is red!" to whom  
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous  
mood,

Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this  
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound?

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXIV. 1098

Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of  
heart

And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,  
Are winners in this pastime of our King.  
My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon it—  
No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief knight,  
Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield,  
Great brother, thou nor I have made the world;  
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his  
horse

Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly say-  
ing,

"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each  
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold  
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."  
And most of these were mute, some anger'd,  
one

Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,  
"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle  
clung,

And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day  
Went glooming down in wet and weariness :  
But under her black brows a swarthy dame  
Laugh'd shrilly, crying "Praise the patient  
saints,

Our one white day of Innocence hath past,  
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.  
The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the year,  
Would make the world as blank as wintertide.  
Come—let us comfort their sad eyes, our  
Queen's

And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity  
With all the kindlier colours of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast  
Variously gay : for he that tells the tale  
Likened them, saying as when an hour of cold  
Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,  
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers  
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns  
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again;  
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,  
And glowing in all colours, the live grass,  
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced  
About the revels, and with mirth so loud  
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,  
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,  
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower  
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,  
High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,  
Dauced like a wither'd leaf before the hall.  
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir  
Fool?"

Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,  
"Belike for lack of wiser company;  
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit  
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip  
To know myself the wisest knight of all."  
"Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating  
dry

To dance without a catch, a roundelay

To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,  
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,  
Quiet as any water-sodden log  
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook;  
But when the twangling ended, skipt again;  
Then being ask'd, "Why skipt ye not, Sir  
Fool?"

Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years  
Skip to the broken music of my brains  
Than any broken music ye can make."  
Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,  
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"  
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the  
kings';

For when thou playest that air with Queen  
Isolt,

Thou makest broken music with thy bride,  
Her dantier namesake down in Brittany —  
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."  
"Save for that broken music in thy brains,  
Sir Fool," said Tristram, I would break thy  
head.

Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,  
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell —  
I am but a fool to reason with a fool —  
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour : but lean me  
down,

Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,  
And harken if my music be not true.

"Free love — free field — we love but while  
we may :

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more :  
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away :  
New leaf, new life — the days of frost are o'er :  
New life, new love to suit the newer day :  
New loves are sweet as those that went before :  
Free love, — free field — we love but while we  
may."

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my  
tune,  
Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,  
And heard it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his  
hand,

"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday  
Made to run wine? — but this had run itself  
All out like a long life to a sour end —  
And them that round it sat with golden cups  
To hand the wine to whomsoever came —  
The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,  
In honour of poor Innocence the babe,  
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen  
Lent to the King, and Innocence the King  
Gave for a prize — and one of those white slips  
Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,  
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I  
drank,  
Spat — pish — the cup was gold, the draught  
was mud."

And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy  
gibes?

Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee? —  
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee,  
fool —

'Fear God : honour the king — his one true  
knight —

Sole follower of the vows' — for here be they  
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,  
Smuttier than blasted grain : but when the  
King

Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up  
It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;  
Which left thee less than fool, and less than  
swine,

A naked aught — yet swine I hold thee still,  
For I have flung thee pearls and find thee  
swine."

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet,  
"Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my  
neck

In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch  
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.

Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd — the  
world

Is flesh and shadow — I have had my day.  
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind  
Hath foul'd me — an I wallow'd, then I  
wash'd —

I have had my day and my philosophies —  
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.  
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and  
geese

Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who  
thrumm'd

On such a wire as musically as thou  
Some such fine song — but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses,  
geese

The wiser fools, seeing the Paynim bard  
Had such a mastery of his mystery  
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his  
foot,

"And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and  
thyself

Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,  
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the  
star

We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our  
King

Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,  
Glorying in each new glory, set his name  
High on all hills, and in the sigas of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the  
land

Was free'd and the Queen false, ye set yourself  
To babble about him, all to show your wit —  
And whether he were king by courtesy,  
Or king by right — and so went harping down  
The black king's highway, got so far, and  
grew

So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes  
With Arthur's rows on the great lake of fire.  
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."

And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear."

It makes a silent music up in heaven,  
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,  
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk

Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"  
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,

"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!  
Conceits himself as God that he can make  
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk  
From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,

And men from beasts — Long live the king of fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away.  
But thro the slowly-mellowing avenues  
And solitary passes of the wood  
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.  
Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt  
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore  
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood  
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye  
For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew.

Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,  
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape  
Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;  
But at the slot or femets of a deer,  
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn  
Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length

A lodge of intertwisted beechen-boughs  
Furze-cramm'd, and bracken roof'd, the which himself

Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt  
Against a shower, dark in the golden grove  
Appearing, sent his fancy back to where  
She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:  
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,  
With six or seven, when Tristram was away.  
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse  
than shame

Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,  
But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt  
So sweet, that halting, in he past, and sank  
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown;  
But could not rest for musing how to smooth  
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.  
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all  
The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.  
But then what folly had sent him overseas  
After she left him lonely here? a name?  
Was it the name of one in Brittany,  
Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt  
Of the white hands" they call'd her: the  
sweet name

Allured him first, and then the maid herself,  
Who served him well with those white hands of hers,

And loved him well, until himself had thought  
He loved her also, wedded easily,  
But left her all as easily, and return'd.

The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes  
Had drawn him home — what marvel? then he laid

His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seem'd to pace the strand of Brittany  
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,  
And show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both

Began to struggle for it, till his Queen  
Grasp it so hard, that all her hand was red.  
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!

These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,  
And melts within her hand — her hand is hot  
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,  
Is all as cool and white as any flower."  
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then  
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,  
Because the twain had spill'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears

Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,  
And many a glancing plash and sallow isle,  
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh  
Glared on a huge machicolated tower  
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd

A roar of riot, as from men secure  
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease  
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.  
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,

High on a grim dead tree before the tower,  
A goodly brother of The Table Round  
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield  
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir  
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights  
At that dishonour done the gilded spur,  
Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.

But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.  
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,  
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft  
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud  
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,

Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,  
In blood-red armour sallying, howl'd to the King.

"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat! —

Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King  
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world —

The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!

Slain was the brother of my paramour  
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine

And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,  
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,  
And stings itself to everlasting death,

To hang whatever knight of thine I fought  
And tumbled. Art thou King? — Look to thy  
life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face  
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name  
Went wandering somewhere darking in his  
mind.

And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,  
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from  
horse

To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,  
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp  
Fall, as the crest of some slow arching wave,  
Heard in dead night along that table-shore,  
Drops flat, and after the great waters break  
Whitening for half a league and thin them-  
selves,

Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,  
From less and less to nothing; thus he fell  
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd  
him, roar'd

And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n;  
There trampled out his face from being known,  
And sank his head in mire, and slided them-  
selves:

Nor heard the King for their own cries, but  
sprang

Thro' open doors, and swording right and left  
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd  
The tables over and the wines, and slew  
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,  
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre:  
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the  
tower,

Which half the autumn night, like the live  
North,

Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,  
Made all above it, and a hundred meres  
About it, as the water Moab saw  
Come round by the East, and out beyond them  
flush'd

The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,  
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking, the red dream  
Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,  
Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.  
He whistled his good warhorse left to graze  
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,  
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,  
Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,  
Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord," she  
said, "my man

Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—  
"What, an she hate me now? I would not  
this.

What, an she love me still? I would not that.  
I know not what I would" — but said to her,—  
"Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,  
He find thy favour changed and love thee  
not" —

Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonesse  
Last in a rocky hollow, belling, heard  
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds

Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and gain'd  
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,  
A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,  
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair  
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.  
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind  
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,  
Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and  
there

Belted his body with her white embrace  
Crying aloud "Not Mark — not Mark, my  
soul!

The footstep flutter'd me at first: not he:  
Catlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark,  
But warrior-wise thou stridest through his halls  
Who hates thee, as I him — ev'n to the death.  
My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark  
Quickened within me, and knew that thou wert  
nigh."

To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.  
Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,  
"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,  
But save for dread of thee had beaten me,  
Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow  
— Mark?

What rights are his that dare not strike for  
them?

Not lift a hand — not, tho' he found me thus!  
But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went  
To-day for three days' hunting — as he said —  
And so returns belike within an hour.  
Mark's way, my soul! — but eat not thou with  
him,

Because he hates thee even more than fears;  
Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood  
Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush  
Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.  
My God, the measure of my hate for Mark,  
Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So pluck'd one way by hate, and one by love,  
Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake  
To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,  
"O hunter, and O blower of the horn,  
Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,  
For, ere I mated with my shambling king,  
Ye twain had fallen out about the bride  
Of one — his name is out of me — the prize,  
If prize she were — (what marvel — she could  
see) —

Thine, friend; and ever since my craven seeks  
To wreck thee villainously; but, O Sir Knight,  
What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Para-  
mount,

Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,  
And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first  
Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,  
Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,  
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen  
My dote of beauty trebled?" and he said



"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,  
And thine is more to me — soft, gracious, kind—  
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips  
Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,  
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow  
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen  
Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,  
"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou  
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,  
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me  
That Guinevere had sinn'd against the highest,  
And I — misyoked with such a want of man —  
That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answered, "O my soul, be comforted!  
If this be sweet, to sin in leading strings,  
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,  
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin  
That made us happy; but how ye greet me—  
fear

And fault and doubt — no word of that fond  
tale —

Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories  
Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,  
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy  
To see thee — yearnings? — ay! for, hour by  
hour,

Here in the never-ending afternoon,  
O sweeter than all memories of thee,  
Deeper than any yearnings after thee  
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,  
Watch'd from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd  
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,  
Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wed-  
ded her?

Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?  
The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,  
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd  
Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress —  
Well — can I wish her any huger wrong  
Than having known thee? her too hast thou left  
To pine and waste in those sweet memories.  
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men  
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, re-  
plied,  
"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me  
well.

Did I love her? the name at least I loved.  
Isolt? — I fought his battles, for Isolt!  
The night was dark; the true star set. Isolt!  
The name was ruler of the dark — Isolt?  
Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,  
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answer'd, "Yea, and why not I?  
Mine is the larger need, and who am not meek,  
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.  
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat,  
Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,  
Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,  
And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.

Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,  
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend —  
Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark —  
For there was Mark: "He has wedded her,"  
he said,

Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of tow-  
ers

So shook to such a roar of all the sky,  
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,  
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,  
'I will flee hence and give myself to God' —  
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,  
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and  
gray,

And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.  
"May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art  
old,

And sweet no more to me! I need Him now.  
For when had Lancelot utter'd ought so gross  
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?  
The greater man, the greater courtesy,  
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts —  
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance  
Becomes thee well — art grown wild beast thy-  
self.

How dardest thou, if lover, push me even  
In fancy from thy side, and set me far  
In the gray distance, half a life away,  
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unsware!  
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,  
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,  
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck  
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.  
Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,  
And solemnly as when ye swear to him,  
The man of men, our King — My God, the  
power

Was once in vows when men believed the King!  
They lied not then, who swear, and thro' their  
vows

The King prevailing made his realm: — I say,  
Swear to me thou wilt love me, ev'n when old,  
Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,  
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark  
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but  
learn't,

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself —  
My knighthood taught me this — ay, being  
snapt —

We run more counter to the soul thereof  
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.  
I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.  
For once — ev'n to the height — I honour'd  
him.

'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first  
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld  
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall —  
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow  
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue  
eyes,  
The golden beard that clothed his lips with  
light —

Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,

With Merlin's mystic babble about his end  
 Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool  
 Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,  
 But Michaël trampling Satan; so I sware,  
 Being amazed; but this went by—the vows!  
 O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—  
 They served their use, their time; for every  
 knight

Believed himself a greater than himself,  
 And every follower eyed him as a God;  
 Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,  
 Did mightier deeds than elsewhere he had done,  
 And so the realm was made; but then their  
 vows—

First mainly thro' that sullyng of our Queen—  
 Began to gail the knighthood, asking whence  
 Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?  
 Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out  
 the deep?

They fail to trace him thro' the flesh and  
 blood

Of our old Kings: whence then? a doubtful  
 lord

To bind them by inviolable vows,  
 Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:  
 For feel this arm of mine—the tide within  
 Red with free chase and heather-scented air,  
 Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure  
 As any maiden child? lock up my tongue  
 From uttering freely what I freely hear?  
 Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it,  
 And worldling of the world am I, and know  
 The ptarmigan that whittens ere his hour  
 Woos his own end; we are not angels here  
 Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the  
 woods,

And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale  
 Mock them: my soul, we love but while we may;  
 And therefore is my love so large for thee,  
 Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she  
 said,

"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee  
 To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—  
 For courtesy wins woman all as well  
 As valour may, but he that closes both  
 Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,  
 Rosier, and comlier, thou—but say I loved  
 This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee  
 back

Thine own small saw, 'We love but while we  
 may,'

Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,  
 Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,  
 The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch  
 The warm white apple of her throat, replied,  
 "Press this a little closer, sweet, until—  
 Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd—meat,

Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,  
 And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full ac-  
 cord,  
 She rose, and set before him all he will'd;  
 And after these had comforted the blood  
 With meats and wines, and satiated their  
 hearts—

Now talking of their woodland paradise,  
 The deer, the dewes, the fern, the founts, the  
 lawns;

Now mocking at the much ungainliness,  
 And craven shifts, and long crane legs of  
 Mark—

Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and  
 sang:

"Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the  
 brier!

A star in heaven, a star within the mere!

Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,

And one was far apart, and one was near:

Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!

And one was water and one star was fire,

And one will ever shine and one will pass.

Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram  
 show'd

And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,  
 "The collar of some order, which our King  
 Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,  
 For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."  
 "Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red  
 fruit

Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven  
 And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,  
 And hither brought by Tristram, for his last  
 Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her  
 neck,

Claspt it; but while he bow'd himself to lay  
 Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,  
 Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,  
 Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—  
 "Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him  
 thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he  
 climb'd,

All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,  
 The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw  
 The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his  
 feet

A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,  
 "What art thou?" and the voice about his  
 feet

Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,  
 And I shall never make thee smile again."

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE MAID OF SKER.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## CROSS-EXAMINATION.

THOSE justices of the peace, although appointed by his Majesty, have never been a comfort to me, saving only Colonel Lougher. They never seem to understand me, or to make out my desires, or to take me at my word, as much as I take them at theirs. My desire has always been to live in a painfully loyal manner, to put up with petty insults from customers who know no better, leaving them to self-reflection, and if possible to repentance, while I go my peaceful way, nor let them hear their money jingle, or even spend it in their sight. To be pleased and trustful also with the folk who trust in me, and rather to abandon much, and give back twopence in a shilling, than cause any purchaser self-reproach for having sworn falsely before the bench,—now if all this would not do, to keep me out of the session-books, can any man point out a clearer proof of the vicious administration of what they call “justice” around our parts? And when any trumpety case was got up, on purpose to worry and plague me, the only chance left me of any fair-play, was to throw up my day’s work, and wear out my shoes in trudging to Candleston Court, to implore that good Colonel Lougher to happen to sit on the bench that day.

When those two gentlemen alighted from that rickety old coach, and ordered that very low constable to pace to and fro at the door of my house, boldly I came out to meet them, having injured no man, nor done harm of any sort that I could think of, lately. Stew came first, a man of no lineage, but pushed on by impudence; “Anthony Stew can look you through,” an English poacher said of him; and this he tried always to do with me, and thoroughly welcome he was to succeed.

I will not say that my inner movements may not have been uneasy in spite of all my rectitude; however I showed their two workshops inside, in the very best style of the quarter-deck, such as I had gathered from that coroneted captain, my proud connection with whom, perhaps, I may have spoken of ere this, or at any rate ought to have done so, for I had the honour of swabbing his pumps for him almost every morning; and he was kind enough to call me “Davy.”

Every Briton, in his own house, is bound

to do his utmost; so I touched my grey forelock, and made two good bows, and set a chair for each of them, happening to have no more just now, though with plenty of money to buy them. Self-controlled as I always am, many things had tried me of late, almost to the verge of patience; such imputations as fall most tenderly on a sorrowful widower; and my pure admiration of Bardie, and certainty of her lofty birth, had made me the more despise such foulness. So it came to pass that two scandalous men were given over by the doctors (for the pole I had cut was a trifle too thick), nevertheless they recovered bravely, and showed no more gratitude towards God, than to take out warrants against me! But their low devices were frustrated by the charge being taken before Colonel Lougher. And what did that excellent magistrate do? He felt himself compelled to do something. Therefore he fined me a shilling per head, for the two heads broken, with 10s. cost (which he paid, as usual), and gave me a very severe reprimand.

“Llewellyn,” he said, “the time is come for you to leave off this course of action: I do not wonder that you felt provoked; but you must seek for satisfaction in the legal channels. Suppose these men had possessed thin heads, why you might have been guilty of murder! Make out his commitment to Cardiff Gaol, in default of immediate payment.”

All this was good, and sustained one’s faith in the efficacy of British law; and trusting that nothing might now be amiss in the minds of these two magistrates, I fetched the block of sycamore whereupon my fish were in the habit of having their fins and tails chopped off; and there I sat down, and presented myself both ready and respectful. On the other hand, my visitors looked very grave and silent; whether it were to prolong my doubts, or as having doubts of their own, perhaps.

“Your workshops,” I began at last, in fear of growing timorous, with any longer waiting—“your workshops must have driven far.”

“To see you, Llewellyn,” Squire Stew said, with a nasty snap, hoping the more to frighten me.

“Not only a pleasure to me, your workshops, but a very great honour to my poor house. What will your workshops be pleased to eat? Butcher’s meat I would have had, if only I had known of it. But one thing I can truly say, my cottage has the best of fish.”

“That I can believe,” said Stew; “be-

cause you sell all the worst to me. Another such a trick, Llewellyn, and I have you in the stocks."

This astonished me so much—for his fish had never died over four days—that nothing but my countenance could express my feelings.

"I crave your pardon, Justice Stew," said the tall grey gentleman with the velvet coat, as he rose in a manner that overawed me, for he stood a good foot over Anthony Stew, and a couple of inches over me; "may we not enter upon the matter which has led us to this place?"

"Certainly, Sir Philip, certainly," Stew replied, with a style which proved that Sir Philip must be of no small position; "all I meant, Sir Philip, was just to let you see the sort of fellow we have to deal with."

"My integrity is well known," I answered, turning from him to the gentleman; "not only in this parish, but for miles and miles round. It is not my habit to praise myself; and in truth I find no necessity. Even a famous newspaper, so far away as Bristol, the celebrated 'Felix Farley's Journal' —"

"Just so" said the elder gentleman; "it is that which has brought us here; although, as I fear, on a hopeless errand."

With these words he leaned away, as if he had been long accustomed to be disappointed. To me it was no small relief to find their business peaceable, and that neither a hare which had rushed at me like a lion through a gate by moonlight, nor a stupid covey of partridges (nineteen in number, which gave me no peace while excluded from my dripping-pan), nor even a pheasant cock whose crowing was of the most insulting tone,—that none of these had been complaining to the bench emboldened me, and renewed my sense of reason. But I felt that Justice Stew could not be trusted for a moment to take this point in a proper light. Therefore I kept my wits in the chains, taking soundings of them both.

"Now, Llewellyn, no nonsense, mind!" began Squire Stew, with his face like a hatchet, and scollops over his eyebrows; "what we are come for is very simple, and need not unsettle your conscience, as you have allowed it to do, I fear. Keep your aspect of innocent wonder for the next time you are brought before me. I only wish your fish were as bright and slippery as you are."

"May I humbly ask what matter it pleases your worship to be thinking of?"

"Oh, of course you cannot imagine Davy. But let that pass, as you were acquitted, by virtue of your innocent face, in the teeth of all the evidence. If you had only dropped your eyes, instead of wondering so much—but never mind, stare as you may, some day we shall be sure to have you."

Now, I will put it to anybody whether this was not too bad, in my own house, and with the Bench seated on my own best chairs! However, knowing what a man he was, and how people do attribute to me things I never dreamed of, and what little chance a poor man has if he takes to contradiction, all I did was to look my feelings, which were truly virtuous. Nor were they lost upon Sir Philip.

"You will forgive me, good sir, I hope," he said to Squire Anthony; "but unless we are come with any charge against this—Mr. Llewellyn, it is hardly fair to reopen any awkward questions of which he has been acquitted. In his own house, moreover, and when he has offered kind hospitality to us—in a word, I will say no more."

Here he stopped, for fear perhaps of vexing the other magistrate; and I touched my grizzled curl and said, "Sir, I thank you for a gentleman." This was the way to get on with me, instead of driving and bullying; for a gentleman or a lady can lead me to any extremes of truth; but not a lawyer, much less a justice. And Anthony Stew had no faith in truth unless she came out to his own corkscrew.

"British tar," he exclaimed, with his nasty sneer; "now for some more of your heroism! You look as if you were up for doing something very glorious. I have seen that colour in your cheeks when you sold me a sewin that shone in the dark. A glorious exploit; wasn't it now?"

"That it was, your worship, to such a customer as you."

While Anthony Stew was digesting this, which seemed a puzzle to him, the tall grey gentleman, feeling but little interest in my commerce, again desired to hurry matters. "Forgive me again, I beseech you, good sir; but ere long it will be dark, and as yet we have learned nothing."

"Leave it all to me, Sir Philip; your wisest plan is to leave it to me. I know all the people round these parts, and especially this fine fellow. I have made a sort of study of him, because I consider him what I may call a thoroughly typical character."

"I am not a typical character," I answered, over-hastily, for I found out afterwards what he meant. "I never tipple; but when I drink, my rule is to go through with it."

Squire Stew laughed loud at my mistake, as if he had been a great scholar himself; and even Sir Philip smiled a little in his sweet and lofty manner. No doubt but I was vexed for a moment, scenting (though I could not see) error on my own part. But now I might defy them both, ever to write such a book as this. For vanity has always been so foreign to my nature, that I am sure to do my best, and, after all, think nothing of it, so long as people praise me. And now, in spite of all rude speeches, if Sir Philip had only come without that Squire Anthony not a thing of all that happened would I have retained from him. It is hopeless for people to say that my boat crippled speech on my part. Tush! I would have pulled her plug out on the tail of the Tuskar rather than one moment stand against the light for Bardie.

Squire Stew asked me all sorts of questions having no more substance in them than the blowing-hole at the end of an egg, or the bladder of a skate-fish. All of these I answered boldly, finding his foot outside my shoes. And so he came back again, as they do after trying foolish excursions, to the very point he started with.

"Am I to understand, my good fellow, that the ship, which at least you allow to be wrecked, may have been or might have been something like a foreigner?"

"Therein lies the point whereon your worship cannot follow me, any more than could the coroner. Neither he, nor his clerk, nor the rest of the jury, would listen to common-sense about it. That ship no more came from Appledore than a whale was hatched from a herring's egg."

"I knew it, I knew it," broke in Sir Philip. "They have only small coasters at Appledore. I said that the newspaper must be wrong. However, for the sake of my two poor sons, I am bound to leave no clue unfollowed. There is nothing more to be done, Mr. Stew, except to express my many and great obligations for your kindness." Herewith he made a most stately bow, and gave even me a corner of it.

"Stay, Sir Phiip; one moment more. This fellow is such a crafty file. Certain I am that he never would look so unnaturally frank and candid unless he were in his most slippery mood. You know the old

proverb, I daresay, 'Put a Taffy on his mettle, he'll boil Old Nick in his own fish-kettle.' Dyo where did your boat come from?"

This question he put in a very sudden, and I might well say vicious, manner, darting a glance at me like the snake's tongues in the island of Das Cobras. I felt such contempt that I turned my back, and gave him a view of the "boofely buckens" admired so much by Bardie.

"Well done!" he cried. "Your resources, Dyo, are an infinite credit to you. And, do you know, when I see your back, I can almost place some faith in you. It is broad and flat and sturdy, Dyo. Ah! many a fine hare has swung there head downwards. Nevertheless, we must see this boat."

Nothing irritates me more than what low Englishmen call "chaff." I like to be pleasant and jocular upon other people; but I don't like that sort of thing tried upon me when I am not in the humour for it. Therefore I answered crustily.

"Your worship is welcome to see my boat, and go to sea in her if you please, with the plug out of her bottom. Under Porthcawl Point she lies; and all the people there know all about her. Only, I will beg your worship to excuse my presence, lest you should have low suspicions that I came to twist their testimony."

"Well said, David! well said, my fine fellow! Almost I begin to believe thee, in spite of all experience. Now, Sir Philip."

"Your pardon, good sir; I follow you into the carriage."

So off they set to examine my boat; and I hoped to see no more of them, for one thing was certain—to wit, that their coachman never would face the sandhills, and no road ever is, or ever can be, to Porthcawl; so that these two worthy gentlemen needs must exert their noble legs for at least one-half of the distance. And knowing that Squire Stew's soles were soft, I thought it a blessing for him to improve the only soft part about him.

#### CHATER XXII.

##### ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

HIGHLY pleased with these reflections, what did I do but take a pipe, and sit like a lord at my own doorway, having sent poor Bunny with a smack to bed, because she had shown curiosity: for this leading vice of the female race cannot be too soon discouraged. But now I began to fear almost that it would be growing too dark



very soon for me to see what became of the carriage returning with those two worshippers. Moreover, I felt that I had no right to let them go so easily, without even knowing Sir Philip's surname, or what might be the especial craze which had led them to honour me so. And sundry other considerations slowly prevailed over me; until it would have gone sore with my mind, to be kept in the dark concerning them. So, when the heavy dusk of autumn drove in over the notch of sandhills from the far-away of sea, and the green of grass was gone, and you hardly could tell a boy from a girl among the children playing, unless you knew their mothers; I, rejoicing in their pleasures, quite forgot the justices. For all our children have a way of letting out their liveliness, such as makes old people feel a longing to be in with them. Not like Bardie, of course; but still a satisfactory feeling. And the better my tobacco grew, the sweeter were my memories.

Before I had courted my wife and my sweethearts (a dozen and a-half perhaps, or at the outside say two dozen) anything more than twice a-piece, in the gentle eud of memory; and with very quiet sighs indeed, for echoes of great thumping ones; and just as I wondered what execution a beautiful child, with magnificent legs, would do, when I lay in the churchyard—all of a heap I was fetched out of dreaming into common-sense again. There was the great yellow coach at the corner of the old grey wall that stopped the sand; and all the village children left their "hide-and-eeek" to whisper. Having fallen into a different mood from that of curiosity, and longing only for peace just now, or tender styles of going, back went I into my own cottage, hoping to hear them smack whip and away. Even my hand was on the bolt—for a bolt I had now on account of the cats, who understand every manner of latch, wherever any fish be—and perhaps it is a pity that I did not shoot it.

But there came three heavy knocks: and I scarcely had time to unbutton my coat, in proof of their great intrusion, before I was forced to show my face, and beg to know their business.

"Now, Dyo, Dyo," said that damned Stew [saving your presence, I can't call him else]; "this is a little too bad of you! Retiring ere dusk! Aha! aha! And how many hours after midnight will you keep our hornpipes up, among the 'jolly sailors!' Great Davy, I admire you."

I saw that it was not in his power to enter into my state of mind: nor could I

find any wit in his jokes, supposing them to be meant for such.

"Well what did your worshippers think of Porthcawl?" I asked, after setting the chairs again, while I bustled about for my tinder-box: "did you happen to come across the man whose evil deeds are always being saddled upon me?"

"We found a respectable worthy Scotchman, whose name is Alexander Macraw; and who told us more in about five minutes than we got out of you in an hour or more. He has given us stronger reason to hope that we may be on the right track at last to explain a most painful mystery, and relieve Sir Philip from the most cruel suspense and anxiety."

At these words of Squire Anthony, the tall grey gentleman with the velvet coat bowed, and would fain have spoken, but feared perhaps that his voice would tremble.

"Macraw thinks it highly probable," Justice Stew continued, "that the ship, though doubtless a foreigner, may have touched on the opposite coast for supplies, after a long ocean voyage: and though Sir Philip has seen your boat, and considers it quite a stranger, that proves nothing either way, as the boat of course would belong to the ship. But one very simple and speedy way there is of settling the question. You thought proper to conceal the fact that the Coroner had committed to your charge as foreman of the jury—and a precious jury it must have been—so as to preserve near the spot, in case of any inquiry, the dress of the poor child washed ashore. This will save us the journey to Sker, which in the dusk would be dangerous. David Llewellyn, produce that dress, under my authority."

"That I will, your worship, with the greatest pleasure. I am sure I would have told you all about it, if I had only thought of it."

"Ahem!" was all Squire Stew's reply, for a horribly suspicious man hates such downright honesty. But without taking further notice of him, I went to my locker of old black oak, and thence I brought that upper garment something like a pinafore, the sight of which had produced so strong an effect upon the Coroner. It was made of the very finest linen, and perhaps had been meant for the child to wear in lieu of a frock in some hot climate. As I brought this carefully up to the table, Squire Stew cried, "Light another candle," just as if I kept the village shop! This I might have done at one time, if it had only happened to me, at the proper period, to

marry the niece of the man that lived next door to the chapel, where they dried the tea-leaves. She took a serious liking to me, with my navy trousers on; but I was fool enough to find fault with a little kink in her starboard eye. I could have carried on such a trade, with my knowledge of what people are, and description of foreign climates—however it was not to be, and I had to buy my candles.

As soon as we made a fine strong light, both the gentlemen came nigh, and Sir Philip, who had said so little, even now forbore to speak. I held the poor dress, tattered by much beating on the points of rocks; and as I unrolled it slowly, he withdrew his long white hands, lest we should remark their quivering.

"You are not such fools as I thought," said Stew; "it is a coronet beyond doubt. I can trace the lines and crossings, though the threads are frayed a little. And here in the corner, a moneygrum—ah! you never saw that, you stupes—do you know the mark, sir?"

"I do not," Sir Philip answered, and seemed unable to fetch more words; and then like a strong man turned away, to hide all disappointment. Even Anthony Stew had the manners to feel that here was a sorrow beyond his depth, and he covered his sense of it, like a gentleman, by some petty talk with me. And it made me almost respect him to find that he dropped all his banter, as out of season.

But presently the tall grey gentleman recovered from his loss of hope, and with a fine brave face regarded us. And his voice was firm and very sweet.

"It is not right for me to cause you pain by my anxieties; and I fear that you will condemn me for dwelling upon them overmuch. But you, Mr. Stew, already know, and you my friend have a right to know, after your kind and ready help, that it is not only the piteous loss of two little innocent children, very dear ones both of them, but also the loss of fair repute to an honourable family, and the cruel suspicion cast upon a fine brave fellow, who would scorn, sir, who would scorn for the wealth of all this kingdom, to hurt the hair of a baby's head."

Here Sir Philip's voice was choked with indignation more than sorrow, and he sat down quickly, and waved his hand, as much as to say, "I am an old fool, I had much better not pretend to talk." And much as I longed to know all about it, of course it was not my place to ask.

"Exactly, my dear sir, exactly," Squire Anthony went on, for the sake of saying

something; "I understand you, my dear sir, and feel for you, and respect you greatly for your manly fortitude under this sad calamity. Trust in Providence, my dear sir; as indeed I need not tell you."

"I will do my best; but this is now the seventh disappointment we have had. It would have been a heavy blow, of course, to have found the poor little fellow dead. But even that, with the recovery of the other, would have been better than this dark mystery, and, above all, would have freed the living from these maddening suspicions. But as it is, we must try to bear it, and to say, 'God's will be done.' But I am thinking too much about ourselves. Mr. Stew, I am very ungrateful not to think more of your convenience. You must be longing to be at home."

"At your service, Sir Philip—quite at your service. My time is entirely my own."

This was simply a bit of brag; and I saw that he was beginning to fidget; for, bold as his worship was on the bench, we knew that he was but a coward at board, where Mrs. Stew ruled with a rod of iron: and now it was long past dinner-time, even in the finest houses.

"One thing more, then, before we go," answered Sir Philip, rising; "according to the newspaper, and as I hear, one young maiden was really saved from that disastrous shipwreck. I wish we could have gone on to see her; but I must return to-morrow morning, having left many anxious hearts behind. And to cross the sands in the dark, they say, is utterly impossible."

"Not at all, Sir Philip," said I, very firmly, for I honestly wished to go through with it; "although the sand is very deep, there is no fear at all, if one knows the track. It is only the cowardice of these people ever since the sand-storm. I would answer to take you in the darkest night, if only I had ever learned to drive." But Anthony Stew broke in with a smile.

"It would grieve me to sit behind you, Dyo, and I trow that Sir Philip would never behold Appledore again. There is nothing these sailors will not attempt."

Although I could sit the bow-thwart of a cart very well, with a boy to drive me, and had often advised the hand at the tiller, and sometimes as much as held the whip, all this, to my diffidence, seemed too little to warrant me in navigating a craft that carried two horses.

Sir Philip looked at me, and perhaps he thought that I had not the cut of a coachman. However, all he said was this:

"In spite of your kindness, Mr. Stew, and your offer, my good sir,"—this was to me, with much dignity—"I perceive that we must not think of it. And of what use could it be except to add new troubles to old ones? Sir, I have trespassed too much on your kindness; in a minute I will follow you." Anthony Stew, being thus addressed, was only too glad to skip into the carriage. "By, by, Dyo," he cried; "mend your ways, if you can, my man. I think you have told fewer lies than usual; knock off one every time of speaking, and in ten years you will speak the truth."

Of this low rubbish I took no heed any more than any one would who knows me, especially as I beheld Sir Philip signalling with his purse to me, so that Stew might not be privy to it. Entering into the spirit of this, I had some pleasant memories of gentlemanly actions done by the superior classes towards me, but longer ago than I could have desired. And now being out of the habit of it, I showed some natural reluctance to begin again, unless it were really worth my while. Sir Philip understood my feelings, and I rose in his esteem, so that half-guineas went back to his pocket, and guineas took the place of them.

"Mr. Llewellyn, I know," he said, "that you have served your country well; and it grieves me to think that on my account you have met with some harsh words to-day."

"If your worship only knew how little a thing of that sort moves me when I think of the great injustice. But I suppose it must be expected by a poor man such as I am. Justice Stew is spoiled by having so many rogues to deal with. I always make allowance for him; and of course I know that he likes to play with the lofty character I bear. If I had his house and his rich estate—but it does not matter—after all, what are we?"

"Ah, you may well say that, Llewellyn. Two months ago I could not have believed—but who are we to find fault with the doings of our Maker? All will be right if we trust in Him, although it is devilish

hard to do. But that poor maid at that wretched place—what is to become of her?"

"She has me to look after her, your worship, and she shall not starve while I have a penny."

"Bravely said, Llewellyn! My son is a sailor, and I understand them. I know that I can trust you fully to take charge of a trifle for her."

"I love the maid," I answered truly; "I would sooner rob myself than her."

"Of course you would, after saving her life. I have not time to say much to you, only take this trifle for the benefit of that poor thing."

From a red leathern bag he took out ten guineas, and hastily plunged them into my hand, not wishing Stew to have knowledge of it. But I was desirous that everybody should have the chance to be witness of it, and so I held my hand quite open. And just at that moment our Bunny snored.

"What! have you children yourself, Llewellyn? I thought that you were an old bachelor."

"An ancient widower, your worship, with a little grandchild; and how to keep her to the mark, with father none and mother none, quite takes me off my head sometimes. Let me light your honour to your carriage."

"Not for a moment, if you please; I wish I had known all this before. Mr. Stew never told me a word of this."

"It would have been strange if he had," said I; "he is always so bitter against me, because he can never prove anything."

"Then, Llewellyn, you must oblige me. Spend this trifle in clothes and things for that little snorer."

He gave me a little crisp affair, feeling like a child's caul dried, and I thought it was no more than that. However, I touched my brow and thanked him as he went to the carriage-step; and after consulting all the village, I found it a stanch pledge from the Government for no less than five pounds sterling.

THE rarity of old Flemish wall-painting gives a special interest to the discovery recently made in the Johanniskirche of Herzogenbusch, of a wall-painting dating from 1447. It has been brought to light from beneath the whitewash,

and, except that the colour is somewhat faded, is tolerably well preserved. It depicts Christ on the cross, with the Virgin and St. John; at the foot of the cross is a burgher family of the town, the donors of the picture.

From The Spectator.

## THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDS COOLIE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

SIR, — The South-Sea Islands Coolie, or, as he is commonly called, the Kanaka, has been, is, and will be a person of considerable importance, both to the Australian sugar-planter who hires him, and to the English politician who talks about him. I venture, therefore, to ask for some small space in your valuable columns in which to show any of your readers whom the subject may interest or amuse, who the Coolie is, where he comes from, and how I went to fetch him.

Anything approaching the question of the rights of labour at home and abroad is now-a-days so delicate a matter that in the present letter I feel inclined to confine myself entirely to the subject of the South-Sea Islanders, and to give my personal experience of their life on their own islands, and of their treatment in the Australian colony, which has lately raised so much discussion.

The Australian labour-market has been at various times supplied with convicts, free and assisted emigrants, Chinamen and Germans; but it is only within the last few years that the introduction of sugar-growing industry into Queensland has turned our attention to that large group of islands, the New Hebrides, lying within a week's sail of our own colony, and crowded with an indigent and savage population. The planters, in despair at the restless character of the English workman, became naturally very eager to obtain a quantity of cheap and reliable labourers for the sugar season — men who could stand the heat of the sun, who would work together in gangs without grumbling, and above all, who would bind themselves to their employers for at least three years.

Under these circumstances, several small ships started for the New Hebrides in quest of men, and the first arrival of woolly, stupid-looking Kanakas was regarded with great curiosity by all classes. Most of us had heard of the South Seas, and vaguely connected the subject with coral, cocoa-nuts, and Masterman Ready, but few English working-men, I fancy, had imagined that actual South-Sea Islanders would ever be brought to compete with them on their own ground, the general opinion evidently being that Chinamen or Germans had already sufficiently encroached upon their rights, and that the idea of anything like a "nigger" lowering their wages was monstrous and absurd;

indeed, I remember that an aboriginal boy whom I brought down to Brisbane from the bush to lead my spare horses, after a long examination of his rival, coolly turned away from him with the contemptuous expression, "That fellow all same dog!" It is hardly necessary for me to tell any of your readers who know Australia that the said boy had nothing on him save an old ragged red shirt of mine, and was then perhaps better dressed than he had ever been before.

Now the planters must acknowledge and probably would not care to deny that the system of importing labourers as carried on previously to 1868 was liable to grave abuses. The Polynesian Labourers' Act of 1868, however, abolished most of this, and compelled intending employers, before they were allowed even to apply for leave to import coolies, to enter into heavy bonds, by which they engaged to give them rations on the Government scale, consisting of 1 lb. meat and 1 lb. flour per diem, with vegetables, tea, sugar, tobacco, and soap; to pay them at the rate of £6 per annua for three years, and at the expiration of that time to send them back to their native country. In fact, the Queensland Government paid almost more attention to the welfare of the coolie than to that of the assisted immigrant from England or Germany. The Act, however, does not seem to have been very stringently enforced at first, and Captain Palmer, of H.M.S. Rosario, in his interesting book on the subject, has already told us his story of the cruise of the *Daphne*, and of the attempt of the charterers of that vessel to evade its very ambiguous terms.

For nearly two years the importation of coolies had almost ceased, as the islanders had got tired of waiting for the return of their countrymen, and I verily believe suspected us of having eaten them. For my own part, I had always had a great longing for a cruise among these islands, and at last made up my mind that I would go myself and see whether I could not procure some labourers for the plantation. I was much amused by the conflicting pieces of advice I received on the occasion, everybody, however, agreeing that I must go armed to the teeth, while one man gravely informed me that the *modus operandi* was this:— You should take a trade musket, value say 15s., and having found a chief, present him with it, requiring so many men, on which he would say to his subjects, "You go to Queensland when you get there, in about a month's

time, white man will probably eat you, but if you dare to stop here I'll eat you myself to-morrow."

Lovers of the picturesque would, I believe, have been almost satisfied could they have been present at the start from Brisbane of the little schooner I had engaged. Cheers and chaff from the lookers-on upon shore, the warlike get-up of myself and trading-master, and the happy faces of the returning islanders who had served their time on some plantation, and were going home, each with a huge chest containing £18's worth of calico, axes, grindstones, knives, &c., and last, but not least, each "darkie," despairing of getting rid of his money in any other way, and not appreciating the good old Australian custom of drinking it, had bought himself a silk umbrella, and held it over his head with great glee, though there was neither sun nor rain to wash out the grease with which he had plentifully bedaubed his long frizzled locks.

I shall cut short the account of the voyage to the New Hebrides, — how we landed at one of the French islands, and how I was incontinently seized upon by two dirty soldiers without shoes, but with chassépôts, who after a good deal of trouble succeeded in telling me, in what they called French, that all English trading ships were forbidden to stop there, and that I must give an account of myself to the Commandant; of my interview with that gentleman, and how, after an animated, but to me unpleasant conversation, we fraternized, and toasted "La belle France" in rum of my own providing; and how glad I was to leave my new acquaintance and get on board again, picking up our anchor in, I believe, as short a time as ever anchor was got up in 12-fathom water. It is all over now, and I can only add that the respect I have for France and her representatives has prevented my showing myself in that port again. A brisk north-east breeze took us over to Tanna, a distance of some 60 miles, before, I believe, M. le Commandant had awakened to the fact that light claret is scarcely good training for new Queensland rum.

I wish I had been an artist, to paint the beautiful view that rose before me that morning, the long swell breaking heavily upon the sunken coral reef, the glassy water beyond; then the cocoa-palms down to the water's edge, the steep rocks matted with such verdure as perhaps only Tanna produces; and in the distance the light cloud of smoke hanging over the sulphur

volcano that crowns this island, catching the rays of the morning sun, and standing out against the sky like a mountain of gold.

I think I never appreciated the lines: —

"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile"

till I landed there, for a viler-looking lot it had never been my ill-fortune to behold. The shore was literally black with the lordly savage, every man with a musket over his shoulder, and every man daubed to the eyes with vermilion. It was with great satisfaction that I made out that this display merely meant that the gentlemen had had their breakfast, and were going out to fight their next neighbours — a tribe headed by a warrior who had acquired the name of "Washerwoman," certainly not from his habits or his linen — in which little employment they regularly spent their days, coming back in the afternoon happy and hungry, in much the same way as we should come in from shooting in England to afternoon's tea in the drawing-room. I must say, however, to give them their due, they very seldom hurt anyone, an islander's military tactics generally consisting in walking along with his musket at full cock, performing at the same time on an instrument resembling Pandean pipes hung round his neck; and if during his martial progress he should happen to see anybody or anything, or think he did, he would let fly forthwith, and without waiting to see whether he had bagged anything, he would scamper back to his own bit of beach, where after a long harangue to the women he would reload his weapon and repeat the dose. In this style of fighting the great advantage is that you are always pretty sure, judging from your own case, that your adversary's musket won't go off.

The hand-shaking with these veterans was something after the manner of Martin Chuzzlewit's reception. The trade-box was taken out of the boat, and a brisk trade in yams, cocoa-nuts, and pigs was started forthwith, the native showing much shrewdness in feeling the market with small pigs before producing big ones; sometimes, however, his cupidity got the better of his judgment, and if he saw anyone with an object that struck his fancy in the way of a pipe or tomahawk, that article he would have at any sacrifice. I have often wondered at the imperfect idea of number which a native possesses, — he grasps easily the idea of one pig for one axe, but three pigs for three axes bothers him. I



looked round for a chief and tried to open the conversation with him, with a view to my great object, recruits for Queensland, and commenced an animated harangue, pointing out to him the advantages the men would gain in going with me, and the strength they would add to the tribe when they brought back their muskets and powder. The chief smiled graciously, and manifested a sudden fancy for my sheath-knife, which being in a moment of weakness given to him, he walked off leaving me to a crowd of applicants for more sheath-knives of the same sort. I was not a little mortified at finding out afterwards that he had not understood a single word, being of a different tribe from my interpreter. And so I learnt a great and most important lesson, in all dealings with the natives, and which I cannot help thinking might be profitably taken to heart by charitable London ladies,—"Never give away anything without value received, unless you wish to put a stop to all trade and make everybody a beggar." Man after man shook his head when I asked him to come over to Queensland. The universal cry was, "We are willing enough to go and work and get muskets and powder, but we should like to see some of our brothers back here first, to hear what they say of your country."

It has never been my good fortune to contest an election in the old country, but I had heard that "the woman once gained, the man follows," is a maxim in canvassing, and acting on this plan, I approached a matronly looking lady, with a ring in her nose and a baby on her shoulder, and tried to make friends, upon which, drawing her grass petticoat-fringe close round her, she set up such a piteous howling, that I concluded the progress of civilization had not yet wafted the notion of woman's rights to those distant regions, and that far from having any influence over her husband, she actually seemed to be afraid of him! However, on the arrival of a happy boat-load of returning brothers, every little hitch was smoothed over, and forgetful of yams and pigs, all rushed off to inspect the contents of the chests they had brought, and in the struggle that ensued in carrying those heavy chests through the breakers, I could not help thinking that a little less sea-water would have been advantageous to the silk umbrellas. Glad was I, then, that these men had been well treated in Queensland, for I am convinced that had a bad character been given of us, they would have knocked us on the head with as little compunction as a

child among the Vril-ya would have killed a krek.

Surrounded by a group of admiring spectators, we overhauled the chests of these the first men that had ever returned to Tanna from Queensland. Every article, from a fish-hook to a grindstone, was hailed with shrill cries of delight, and I had little difficulty in improving the occasion and recruiting twenty or thirty young men from the crowd around. It was when it came to parting that the great difficulty arose. The old women on one side insisting that their sons should not go, and the young men on the other indignant at being treated as children, made a very pretty quarrel as it stood, while I, having learnt the wisdom of the aphorism that you should never interfere in family differences, stood by endeavouring to look as unconcerned as possible.

In my subsequent experience of the islands, I found the invariable custom of leave-taking to be as follows:—The intending emigrant would strip himself of all he had on, consisting probably of only one bracelet, and sitting down on the beach, would howl melodiously in the middle of a circle of women, after the payment of which tribute to nature he would step briskly into the boat, as gleeful as a child in prospect of a holiday. If asked to bring the women with him he would indignantly refuse, evidently thinking he was already well out of that mess, and would become quite reconciled to his new life before the south-east trades had blown us over to Vati. But I fear that I have already trespassed too far on your valuable space, and will, with your permission, leave the rest of my cruise to another letter.—I am, Sir, etc.,

JAMES L. A. HOPE.

November 27, 1871.

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DECEMBER 16, 1773.

35 COURT STREET, }  
BOSTON, DEC. 16, 1871. }

To the Editors of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:—

In reference to the destruction of the tea in Boston harbour, December 16, 1773, I think the following characteristic letter may be of interest to your readers. It is a copy of one now in my possession, written by John Adams to General James Warren of Plymouth, and if I mistake not, has

never before been published. — WINSLOW WARREN.

BOSTON, DEC. 17, 1773.

Dr Sir

The Dye is cast! The People have passed the River and cutt away the Bridge! last Night Three Cargoes of Tea were emptied into the Harbour. This is the grandest Event which has ever yet happened Since the Controversy with Britain opened! The Sublimity of it, charms me!

For my own Part I cannot express my own Sentiments of it, better than in the Words of Coll. Doane to me last Evening — Balch should repeat them — The worst that can happen, I think, says he in Consequence of it, will be that the Province must pay for it. — Now, I think the Province may pay for it, if it is burned as easily as if it is drank — and I think it is a matter of indifference whether it is drank or drowned. The Province must pay for it in either Case — But there is this difference — I believe it will take them 10 years to get the Province to pay for it — if so, we shall save 10 Years Interest of the Money — whereas if it is drank it must be paid for immediately. thus He — However, He agreed with me that the Province, would never pay for it. — and also in this that the final Ruin, of our Constitution of Government and of all American Liberties, would be the certain Consequence of Suffering it to be landed.

Governor Hutchinson and his Family and Friends will never have done with their good services to Great Britain & the

Colonies! But for him this tea might have been saved to the East India Company. Whereas this Loss if the rest of the Colonies should follow our example, will in the opinion of many Persons bankrupt the Company.

However, I dare say, that the Governors and Consignees and Custom House officers, in the other Colonies will have more Wisdom than ours have had & take effectual care that their Tea shall be sent back to England untouched — if not it will as surely be destroyed there as it has been here.

Threats, Phantoms, Bugbears, by the million, will be invented and propagated among the People upon this Occasion — Individuals will be threatened with Suits and Prosecutions, Armies and Navies will be talked of, military Executions — Charters annull'd — Treason — Tryals in England and all that — But — these Terrors are all but Imaginations — Yet if they should become Realities they had better be suffered, than the great Principle, of Parliamentary Taxation given up —

The Town of Boston was never more still and calm of a Saturday night than it was last Night. All Things were conducted with great order, Decency and *perfect submission to Government*. — No Doubt, We all thought the Administration in better Hands than it had been.

Please to make Mrs. Adams most respectful Compliments to Mrs. Warren, and mine.

I am your Friend

JOHN ADAMS.

A QUEEN'S SPEECH. — The following speech of the Queen of Madagascar was delivered at the opening of a Memorial Church: — "I thank the missionaries and the friends beyond the seas who have helped to finish this house; for completion of this stone building as a place in which to pray to, and for praising God and giving glory to Jesus, on account of the redemption he has wrought, is a thing which rejoices both me and you. But not this building alone is called a 'House of God,' but our hearts too; for Paul says in the Corinthians, 'Ye are the temples of the living God.' Therefore it rejoices my heart when we all do what we can to extend the kingdom of God upon earth; for that was commanded by Jesus Christ, saying, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' And our friends from beyond the seas have come here and do all they can to benefit us, that we may know Jesus Christ; much

more ought we (who live in the land) to do so. Therefore, let all, whether men or women, be diligent, for every one has a work to do; and let all of us strive to extend the kingdom of God to the very utmost of our abilities; for Solomon says, 'Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

Golden Hours.

THE *Revue Archeologique* for October continues the description of Livia's house on the Palatine, and describes two paintings which represent ladies engaged in divination with vessels of water, the well-known *basanetra*. It also supplies a detailed account of some of the statues and windows of the cathedral of Strasburg, the latter representing a series of German emperors.